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JANUARY 31, 1955

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



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VOL. LXV NO. 5



ELECTRONIC GUIDANCE

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U.S. defense

RAYTHEON



MEMORANDUM
Office of the President

1/4/55

JLH:

CANCEL THIS AD---

There is a big story here - and nothing in it
actually classified - but what will be gained
by publishing it?

It might give comfort to the communists to tell
them anything at all about our missile work.

The equipment Raytheon is producing for the
security and defense of the country is so
vital ~~important~~ that we can't afford to take any risks.

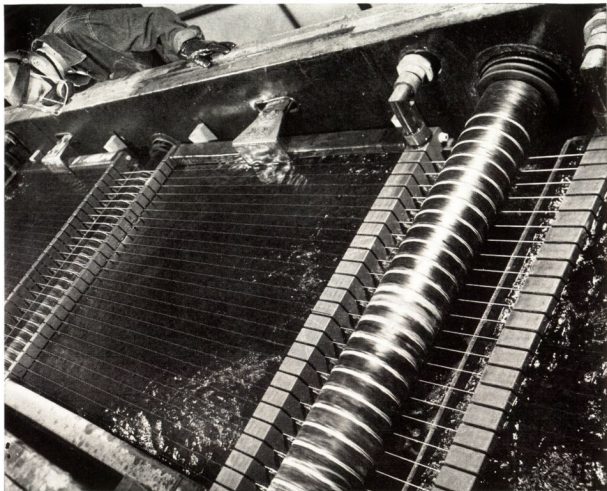
It seems to me there is a message we should
print, however--one in which every American can
take pride and confidence: Raytheon's government
contracts are being carried out by many of the
nation's ablest scientists, engineers and workers.
These fine people have a deep respect for the
quality of the electronic equipment they make.
They know its importance to the welfare and safety
of a free people. What do you think?

*ack -
This is a matter of policy -
- Please see me -*

C. F. Adams, Jr.

RAYTHEON MANUFACTURING COMPANY, WALTHAM 54, MASS.

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LETTERS

The Pistol & the Claw

Sir: Your Jan. 10 article "The Pistol and the Claw" raises some interesting questions. Will we learn in time that those who live by the sword inevitably perish by it? An alternative was suggested several thousand years ago, namely, "doing unto others as we would have them do unto us." Impractical? Maybe so, but it works. The hardest of criminals will respond favorably to such treatment when genuine and done in the absence of a "big stick" behind one's back. . . .

ALLYN F. ROBERTS

East Lansing, Mich.

Sir: . . . Everybody will agree with you. But how long can this nation live in constant fear without getting a generation of neuras-thenics or, that is worse, a generation of the devil-may-care variety. Why wait for "the approaching deadlock"? Why wait for the time when "each has the power to smash the other into radioactive rubble"? Why not attack the enemy first? . . .

J. GOLDBERGER

Jackson, Miss.

Sir: If both Russia and the U.S. could publicize the development of a weapon that was powerful enough to destroy the whole planet and not outlaw the use of this weapon, war then would be unthinkable. Both would of necessity have to get down to the business of living together on the same planet in peace, eternal peace. . . .

WILLIAM PEARLMAN

Norfolk, Va.

Sir: . . . The quest of the U.S. military for tactical devices to implement the "claw" policy resembles rather closely the search of the fabled scientist for a universal solvent. Local wars of the future are likely to occur among the most densely populated regions. The creation of "atomic sanitized corridors" and beachheads efficiently scoured up to 70 miles inland might be militarily feasible, but rather impractical politically. The end result of such a local war might be that the unfortunate recipient of such protection would be effectively purged of all political colorations—purged so completely, in fact, that its territory like the shadow of its

national soul would lie grey and lifeless, denuded alike of people, foliage and natural features.

RICHARD V. VICK

Kalispell, Mont.

The Bull Market

Sir: Re your Jan. 10 article "Business in 1954": You might weigh the usefulness of the term "social capitalism" . . . The old term "capitalism," with its gritty and seamy connotations, needs a bit of face lifting to make our version of it comprehensible outside North America where capitalism does not operate as it does in the modern U.S. . . . On the American scene today, capitalism is an obsolete term, just as Marx's now century-old system of communism is obsolete today. There is something better; U.S. business in 1954 demonstrates it on a national scale.

M. H. SCHROEDER

Flat Rock, Mich.

Sir: To "attempts at guessing the market by studying the thickness of the moss on trees, the number of lemmings, postal receipts in Milwaukee and the activity of sunspots" add that old reliable indicator—TIME's jinx. The bull market died the day his picture appeared. Those in the know undoubtedly cleaned up plenty by selling short.

LESTER GRADY

Palmerston, Pa.

¶ The bull did not die; he just paused to chew the cud.—Ed.

What Ism Is McCarthyism?

Sir: Professor Peter Viereck argued, according to your Jan. 10 issue, that McCarthy is ". . . the type of the left-wing Populist or Jacobin agitator," but McCarthy's only resemblance to American Populist leaders is that he talks too much (like Mr. Viereck and a good many other politicians) and mends his fences sufficiently to keep getting elected. Viereck further argued that McCarthy subverts "precisely those institutions that are the most conservative, venerable and patrician—from the Constitution, the most decorated or paternal general . . . to the leaders of our most deeply established religions . . ." Mr. Viereck has in mind,

no doubt, such military leaders and religious bodies as General MacArthur and the Roman Catholic Church.

It is illuminating that TIME felt that . . . the Viereck trash was . . . newsworthy. It is the hope of many historians that Mr. Viereck is a good poet.

KENDALL BIRR

Assistant Professor of History

WALTER G. SIMON

Assistant Professor of History

State University of New York

Albany, N.Y.

Sir:

Peter Viereck's attempt to protect the American right by identifying Senator McCarthy as a "typical demagogue of the left" overlooks a central political danger of our day. This is the ability of the fascist leader to rally both the uneducated "left" and the frightened "right" around a standard of (alleged) ultranationalism. Without that standard the said demagogue would have to choose one or the other. Thanks to it, he collects from both sides: riffraff and traditionally righteous. Not to have realized that both Mussolini and Hitler were able to accomplish this trick is to have missed the point of both the Italian and the German revolts against civilization. It remains to be seen if it can be duplicated in the U.S.

EDGAR ANSEL MOWLER

Washington, D.C.

The Trouble with France (Contd.)

Sir:

Re your Jan. 10 articles on France. It's high time someone started to blast the ballyhoo of the "great French Republic." The best way for Americans to maintain an attitude of sympathy and compassion for the French is to stay away from France. . . .

R. E. KENDIG
Colonel, U.S.A.F.

% Postmaster
New York City

Sir:

Before we show too much contempt for "the little men of the French National Assembly" for their long and perhaps sensible reluctance to rearm the Germans, we ought to recall that not too long ago, when Hitler was everywhere triumphant, America's armed forces were held together by one single Congressional vote.⁸

DAVID E. HAFT, M.D.

Rochester, N.Y.

Sir:

TIME's coverage of the European situation is, as usual, outstanding; however, there seems to be a decided tendency to blame the French Assembly for all France's problems. The Assembly is but a mirror of the French people. The sign is that grips France goes through every stratum in the French economy. . . .

GEOFF STIRLING

Tubac, Ariz.

Sir:

France's frustration is merely political. . . . I never expected to see TIME joining the ranks of the people who look down their noses upon the poor standard of living of the uncultured tribes of the Gauls. Your Jan. 10 article "The Sheltering Sky" may well have been written by a sightseeing tourist. . . . What is wrong with "houses built under the reign of Francis I"? I have lived in just such a house. . . . The plumbing was perfect. Who

* Four months before Pearl Harbor, the House of Representatives voted 203-202 to extend, for 18 months, the Selective Training and Service Act.

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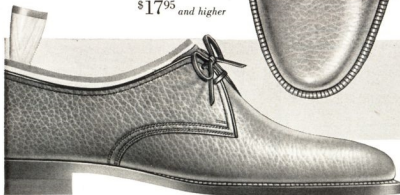
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invented the saga of the French plumbing? I have a hunch it was a nation frustrated for having nothing but gadgets to hold onto in the emptiness of a hectic life devoted to dollar making . . .

Cincinnati ERNEST L. ROTHCHILD

Sir:

The real trouble with the French is that the people as a whole have ceased to become Christian without yet becoming outright atheistic. No wonder they are proving useless for either God or the Devil.

A. V. DA COSTA
Nagpur, India

The Petersen Case

Sir:

As a faithful reader of your magazine, your Jan. 3 article "Espionage"—about Joseph Sydney Petersen Jr., who in the U.S. District Court at Alexandria, Va., pleaded guilty to one of the charges against him—did not escape my attention. Some of the facts mentioned therein do not correspond with the truth, and I venture to write to you because they are also of a derogatory character as far as my country is concerned.

First of all you write that Petersen was accused of spying for The Netherlands. Let me assure you, sir, that Petersen never spied for The Netherlands, and that he never received any remuneration from my country. Quite correctly you state that when Petersen pleaded guilty, it was to the charge that he had used secret documents "in a manner prejudicial to the safety and interest of the U.S." This now is entirely a different matter.

I wish to observe that, although the word espionage has been used repeatedly in the press in connection with the Petersen case, this word is entirely out of place and therefore does not appear in the official press release given out by the American authorities nor in the indictment against Petersen.

It is true that Petersen did transmit secret information to Netherlands officials; this, however, took place on a reciprocal basis. In this way The Netherlands received information from the U.S. (i.e., Petersen), and The Netherlands on her side gave information which was considered to be useful to the American authorities. This exchange of information, incidentally, was not of a political or strategic nature, but had a purely technical character. The information received in this way by Netherlands officials was available exclusively for the internal use of The Netherlands government.

I wish to state categorically that there is no connection whatsoever between the Baranès spy case in France and the Petersen case, and that the French government got none of "Petersen's secrets" from the Dutch. My government gladly accepts full responsibility for the actions of their own officials and civil servants. In this case there has been no question of any imprudence or indiscretion committed by any official of The Netherlands government, and therefore likewise there can be no question in the Petersen case of any embarrassment to my government.

DR. J. H. VAN ROIJZEN
Netherlands Ambassador
Washington, D.C.

Feathered Friends

Sir:

Many thanks to TIME [Jan. 10] for elevating the wonderful hobby of birding to its well-deserved position of a dignified and extremely engrossing recreation. California may be consistently high in the Christmas census, but . . . the average Los Angeles citizen doesn't know the difference between a mockingbird and a robin, and cares even less . . .

MELBOURNE P. JAHP
North Hollywood, Calif.



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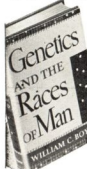
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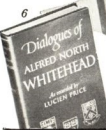
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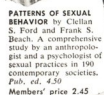
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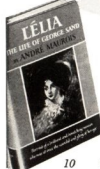
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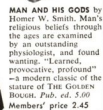
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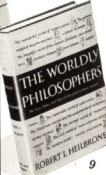
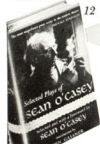
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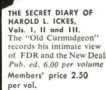
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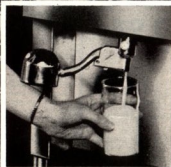


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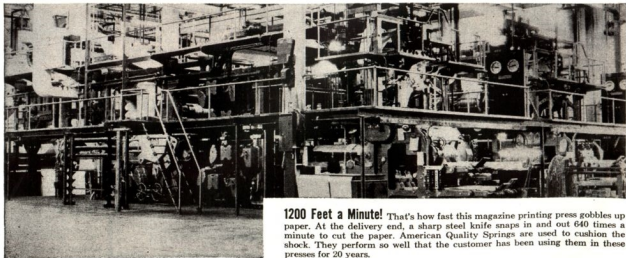


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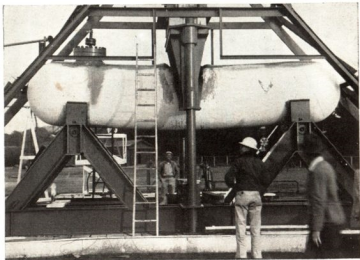


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1200 Feet a Minute! That's how fast this magazine printing press gobbles up paper. At the delivery end, a sharp steel knife snaps in and out 640 times a minute to cut the paper. American Quality Springs are used to cushion the shock. They perform so well that the customer has been using them in these presses for 20 years.

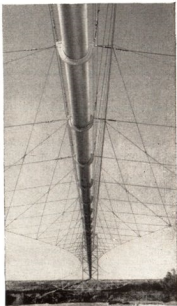
so well



Frozen Steel. Ordinary steel becomes brittle at low temperatures. But U. S. Steel recently introduced a completely new alloy known as USS "T-1". This steel retains its strength and toughness at high and low temperatures; but even more important, it can be welded without need for heat treatment. The picture shows a "T-1" welded pressure vessel that survived a blow from a 13-ton ingot dropped 73 feet. The tank was chilled to -22°F .

*Trade Mark

Steel Takes to the Air. In Arizona, there's a sandy river bed where flash floods frequently occur. A gas pipe line had to cross the river bed. So, to avoid the flash flood danger, the 30-inch welded gas pipe line took to the air for 1020 feet. Pipe and supporting structure were fabricated and erected by U.S. Steel.



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Where's the Fire? This truck will be fighting fires for a long time to come, because the all-steel construction makes it rugged and tough. U. S. Steel Supply Division supplied 11 different types of steel to the manufacturer. At U. S. Steel Supply, you can buy any kind of steel—from a pound to a carload.

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This trade-mark is your guide to quality steel

How many calories in a spoonful of sugar?

200 ☐ 100 ☐ 50 ☐ 18 ☐

Some guess as high as 600, but the right answer is only 18 calories in a level teaspoonful

If you are counting calories, this fact is even more important—

Sugar can help you cut down on the number of calories you eat

Research findings show how raising your blood sugar level helps keep your appetite—and weight—under control

People who go on diets are usually surprised to find out that there are only 18 calories in a teaspoonful of sugar.

That's the number of calories an average adult uses up in about 7½ minutes of normal activity!

But this is just one of the reasons why most people are able to enjoy sugar and still maintain the weight they want.

Sugar raises the blood sugar level faster than does any other food. And the blood sugar level is part of the healthy body's own weight control system.

Helps regulate appetite

Research scientists, looking for the reason why some people overeat (and get fat), found a relationship between the blood sugar level and the size of the appetite.

When your blood sugar level is *low*, your appetite is bigger. You just naturally tend to eat more. Sometimes *too much*.

When it is elevated, appetite is smaller. You are more quickly satisfied on smaller portions. You find it much easier to say "no thanks!" to the extra helpings that lead to extra pounds.

These studies also showed that substances which have no effect on the blood sugar level (such as non-caloric artificial sweeteners) were not effective in reducing the number of total calories actually eaten.

Any help from them is mostly in the mind instead of in the waistline.

More realistic approach to dieting

Overcoming that hollow, always hungry feeling is one of the hardest parts of dieting. That's why many of the newer diets now include sugar in foods and beverages to help keep appetites satisfied on less food.

These diets often start a meal with a sweetened fruit juice or fruit cup to help bring your appetite down to size. They allow a light snack or refreshing beverage in mid-morning and late afternoon to help keep hunger from *building up*.

They permit simple desserts because they make a small meal so much more satisfying.

So isn't it good to know that sugar helps to "count your calories" for you?

All facts in this message apply to both beet and cane sugar.

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NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE NATION

The Misfire

In Hong Kong Vice Admiral Alfred Melville Pride, commander of the U.S. Seventh Fleet, and Rear Admiral Frederick Norman Kivette, commander of the fleet's Formosa patrol, were enjoying a routine leave last week for "rest and recuperation." With their wives, they were off on a pleasant round of shopping and social events. While the admirals shopped and sipped, the Chinese Communists were shooting their way to within hailing distance of the Seventh Fleet. Boldly, the Reds crushed all Nationalist Chinese opposition on Yikiang Islet, 250 miles northwest of Formosa, then poised for an attack on the Tachen Islands eight miles closer to Formosa (see FOREIGN NEWS).

Psychological Explosion. It was no fault of Admirals Pride and Kivette that they were holidaying while Asia was burning. Months ago, the U.S. had decided that it would not defend such outlying islands as Yikiang and the Tachens. This policy was publicly reaffirmed last week by Dwight Eisenhower and John Foster Dulles in similar statements to the press. Said the President: "No military authority that I know of has tried to rate these small islands that are now under attack, or indeed the Tachens themselves, as an essential part of the defense of Formosa and of the Pescadores, to the defense of which we are committed by the treaty that is now before the Senate for approval."

What the President and the Secretary of State said about the islands had been implicit in American policy. But when it was coupled with what they said last week on another phase of the same subject, the result was a psychological explosion heard around the world. The explosive question first came up at Secretary Dulles' news conference. A reporter wanted to know whether a cease-fire would be a "desirable thing in that situation between the Chinese Nationalists and the Chinese Communists in the Formosa Straits?"

Dulles answered: that is a possibility with many pros and cons. In general, the U.S. is sympathetic toward the solution of problems by peaceful means. So something of that sort would be generally in line with the broad policies of the U.S. and the United Nations. But working out such solutions is not simple. The U.S. would not want to take any action without the utmost consideration of Nationalist China's point of view.



GENERAL CHIANG & ADMIRAL PRIDE
Asia wondered who is going to win.

United Press

Inevitably, the question was put to the President next day at his press conference. Did he think it would be useful to have a cease-fire arranged by the U.N.? The President's answer: "Well, I should like to see the United Nations attempt to exercise its good offices, I believe, because wherever there is any kind of fighting and open violence in the world . . . it is always sort of a powder keg. Whether the United Nations could do anything in this particular place, I don't know, because probably each side would insist that it was an internal affair."

Burning Interest. Despite the reservations, the statements by Dwight Eisenhower and John Foster Dulles were promptly, predictably interpreted around the world as a U.S. "suggestion" and even a "proposal" for a cease-fire. Did this attitude, plus the abandonment of the offshore islands, mean that the U.S. had changed its China policy? Was the U.S. accepting the British view that Formosa should be neutralized? Had it accepted the Communist regime as permanent and

abandoned the persistent hope of free Chinese everywhere that a non-Communist government might some day return to power on the mainland?

High officials of the Eisenhower Administration took pains, in off-the-record conferences, to insist that the U.S. had not changed its policy. In fact, they said, Eisenhower and Dulles did not really expect a cease-fire to come about. (Said one high official: "Oh, it's always a poker game, but it is not going to happen.") They merely wanted to maintain the U.S. position, before the world, as a proponent of peace through the United Nations. This effort is especially directed at Europeans who profess to believe that the U.S. is spoiling for a fight with the Communists in Asia.

Before the week was out there were many indications that the U.S.'s calculated risk in the field of propaganda had misfired. In Asia, where the shooting is in progress, the burning interest is not in who is for peace, but in who is going to win. Thus, Asians were quick to realize

that a cease-fire would leave the Chinese Nationalists with no hope for the future. Talk alone had done at least part of the damage that a cease-fire would do: it had demoralized U.S. allies in Asia.

This demoralization was obvious in the reaction on Formosa, where Eisenhower's statement had the effect of a major political event. Said a merchant who has been trying to get his family out of Shanghai for the past year: "It looks like the wisest thing for us is to go back instead of getting our families out." Said an editorial commentator in *Sing Tao Jih Pao*, an anti-Communist newspaper in Hong Kong: "After Free China has suffered this disaster [neutralization], what Asian nation will believe in the reliability of the U.S. as an ally?"

Places to Fight. Less than two years ago, the free world was holding out a three-pronged resistance against the Communists in Asia: in Korea, in Indo-China and around Formosa. Truces without victory removed the prongs in Korea and Indo-China. Now the Communists are hacking at the one prong that remains. Although Yikiang and the Tachens may not be very important as real estate, they are important in politics. Every Communist gain adds to their appearance of success and strength; in Asia, appearance can become success and strength. Asians were asking: If neither Korea nor Indo-China nor Yikiang nor the Tachens is the place to fight the Communists, is there such a place?

This week, the White House and leaders on Capitol Hill were moving to repair some of the damage done by the cease-fire talk. President Eisenhower sent to Congress a special message asking for a resolution to "clearly and publicly establish the authority of the President to use U.S. forces for the defense of Formosa and the Pescadores," and to show a wholehearted U.S. determination to that end. Commenting that this authority would cover "closely related localities," he sin-

gled out for special mention the island of Quemoy, only five miles off the Chinese mainland, which Chiang Kai-shek considers vital to the defense of Formosa. The message carefully avoided any reference to future use of the Chiang-held territory to liberate the mainland, and just as carefully said that the situation was too critical to await appropriate action by the United Nations.

While the political leaders thus hurried to regain the psychological ground the U.S. had lost in Asia, Admirals Pride and Kivette, their shore leave cut short, were back out to sea. What Washington still had to make clear was what the admirals were supposed to do next.

FOREIGN RELATIONS

Invitations to China

From Washington and Peking, the world got some remarkable facts last week about what Dag Hammarskjöld brought back from his mission to Communist China. The U.N. Secretary General did not return with a promise that the prisoners would be released, but he did give to the U.S. State Department pictures and medical reports on the physical condition of 13 prisoners and invitations to their families to visit China.

The invitations confronted the prisoners' families with a difficult choice. They were torn between a desire to see their imprisoned kin, doubts about Red China's motive, and the practical difficulties involved in making the trip. The most enthusiastic of the invited were Mr. and Mrs. Harold Fischer Sr. of Swea City, Iowa, the parents of Air Force Captain Harold Fischer. For some time they had been writing to their son and to his captors about visiting him. Farmer Fischer had written that he might bring along some of his registered Hampshire hogs. His son had reported the reaction of a guard to that proposition: a good idea; the pork might cement relations.

THE ECONOMY

Half a Trillion

A backwoods preacher once explained his homiletic methods thus: "Ah tells 'em what Ah's gwan to tell 'em. Then Ah tells 'em what Ah done told 'em." The Eisenhower Administration has used a roughly equivalent brand of economic preaching, and last week, in his annual Economic Report, the President told how well it had worked in stemming last year's "contraction" (i.e., mild recession).

A year ago, Ike's Economic Report made it clear that his Administration was on top of the incipient recession, and predicted that it would end before the year was out. The Government was cutting taxes, easing credit, and holding a public-works program in ready status. But Government's main economic job, said the 1954 report, is "to create an environment in which men are eager to make new jobs, to acquire new tools of production."

Faith & Hope. Last week Ike reported that the contraction had proved mild indeed. Slashed Government spending and private inventory liquidation had dropped a total of \$24 billion, but the economy as a whole (gross national product) dipped only \$14 billion. Clearly something was holding it up. The U.S., said the President, had followed "policies that inspired widespread confidence on the part of people." And, just as the President hoped they would a year ago, the people took it from there: "Consumers maintained a high rate of spending, businessmen kept capital expenditures at a high rate, builders stepped up their activities, trade unions conducted their affairs with a sense of responsibility, farmers recognized the dangers of piling up ever larger surpluses, private lenders made ample supplies of credit available on liberal terms, states and localities carried out large construction programs, and export demand remained strong."

To keep things that way in the future, Ike continued to preach optimism, pointing anew at the presence of prosperity's ingredients—population growth, business initiative, technological advance, etc. "The vigor of the recent recovery," he said, "suggests that economic expansion will probably continue during coming months."

Study of History. But the economy requires constant watching, and the President cautiously pointed to some of the things that both the Government and the public should watch. Items:

¶ The stock market, the President implied, might dip, but it is not necessarily a good indicator of business conditions: "Continued economic recovery must not be jeopardized by overemphasis of speculative activity."

¶ Labor strife might become a problem this year: "History tells us that industrial disputes have usually been more frequent in periods of expansion than in periods of contraction."

¶ Pension plans, which now cover 12 million workers and absorb \$3 billion a year, are a growing sociological and eco-



U.S. PRISONERS IN CHINA
Torn between doubts and desire.

International

conomic influence. Government studies, said the report, may learn more about their impact on worker mobility, spending habits and investment trends.

Then, looking ahead from 1955 to 1965, the President made a prediction which eloquently capped his hearty confidence in the nation's economic health. Within ten years, he said, the gross national product, now \$360 billion, will soar over the half-trillion* mark.

THE PRESIDENCY

New Channel

The first President of the U.S. used the coach-and-four as his main vehicle of communication, traveled 3,000 miles during his first three years in office to carry his personality and policies to the people who counted. Abraham Lincoln used the personal letter for much of his communication with the press. As an institution, the presidential press conference was not established until Woodrow Wilson was in the White House, and was not energetically exploited until Franklin Roosevelt arrived. Last week the institution switched to a new channel—which would have amazed its founder and fascinated its exploiter.

Four Glaring Eyes. When 218 reporters crowded into the ornate Treaty Room of the old State Department Building across the street from the White House for President Eisenhower's news conference, the glaring eyes of four movie and television cameras stared at the scene from a platform at the end of the room. The cameras began to whir before the President came in and remarked that "we are trying a new experiment," and they kept right on until U.P.'s Merriman Smith cried, "Thank you, Mr. President," and ended the conference. Three and a half hours later, after editing by presidential Press Secretary James Hagerty, the film was released for television.

It was the first time a presidential news conference had been televised, and it would not be the last. Press Secretary Hagerty announced that the innovation would become routine, although he did not promise that the film would always be released. For some old hands in the press corps who objected that television made the affair a production instead of a news conference, Hagerty had a brief answer: "We are in the 20th century—the second part."

President Eisenhower had expressed the hope that the cameras would not be a "disturbing influence," and they did not seem to be. The occasion contributed as much (or as little) to clarification of public affairs as presidential news conferences do without the benefit of camera. Editor Hagerty clipped out some sequences in which the President was not at his best, e.g., on the confusion in the Administration's security risk program (see



THE PRESIDENT BEFORE THE TV CAMERAS
Into the 20th century—second part.

Morris & Ewing

below), but he left in a slip of the tongue which had the President saying Indonesia when he meant Indo-China. More reporters than usual wore television-blue shirts and eager looks, but the President maintained his customary earnest demeanor as he answered questions ranging from the Tachen crisis in Asia to how he likes his job (its blessings are "not wholly unmixed").

That's What He Said. After the show was beamed into the nation's living rooms, some Democratic politicians were frankly worried. The President had come over fine. Cracked one Democratic leader in Washington: "We demand equal time."

In answer to a reporter's request for an "appraisal of your first two years" in office, the President seized the opportunity to make a little speech (6½ minutes). He ran through a noteworthy list of events: the Korean war had ended, trouble had been eased in Iran, in Egypt and in Trieste, the Communists had suffered a defeat in Central America, Western European Union had moved closer to reality. Despite the losses in Indo-China, he would say that "the foreign situation is more stable, generally speaking," although it is by no means "rosy."

As for the situation at home, said the President, taxes and spending have been cut, the economy has been shifted from wartime to a peacetime basis and is sound and prosperous. For critics who argued that he had failed to keep a promise to balance the budget in a hurry, he just happened to have in his pocket some lines from a speech he made in Peoria, Ill., on Oct. 2, 1952. The key sentences: "My goal, assuming that the cold war gets no worse, is to cut federal spending to something like \$60 billion within four years. Such a cut would eliminate the deficit in the budget." Reminding the reporters that his new budget, after two years, is \$62.4 billion, and the deficit is down to \$2.4 billion, the President said with a happy grin: "I almost can claim credit for being a prophet."

Just What He Wanted. For Ike's team, the beginning of the third year in office was the occasion for a surprise party. When the President stepped into the Cabinet Room one morning for a meeting of the National Security Council, Vice President Nixon, Mrs. Eisenhower and a whole crowd of well-wishers greeted him with cries of "Surprise." Nixon pushed a package, all done up in gold paper and blue ribbon, toward Ike. Under this set of circumstances, the President of the U.S. acted just the way almost everyone tries to: surprised, delighted, and that's-just-what-I-wanted. When he opened the package and discovered an eight-volume set of *The Great Centuries of Painting*, Ike exclaimed: "For goodness sakes. Wonderful—this is wonderful."

As the President's third year began, he faced a heavy winter schedule of work and a lighter schedule of relaxation than he would like. A friend who has business interests in Palm Springs, Calif., where Ike spent a winter vacation last year, dropped in with a bit of advice: don't go to Palm Springs this year. The friend's reasoning: too many U.S. citizens are disturbed about the President's being away from the White House so much; going as far as Palm Springs—which is heavily populated by blondes, palm trees and convertibles—would be bad public relations for the President.

Even before the friend spoke up, Ike had decided that he would probably have to stick close to Washington this winter. To meet the insistence of the White House physician, Dr. Howard Snyder, that he continue to get plenty of air and exercise, he will probably use closer retreats than Palm Springs. Preparations are being pushed at the Eisenhower farm at Gettysburg to make it ready for week-ending.

So that she could get on to Gettysburg to put the farmhouse in order, Mamie hurried the White House social season to completion last week with three majors—the diplomatic reception, and formal din-

* Trillion in the U.S. and France means 1,000,000,000,000; in Britain and Germany it means 1,000,000,000,000,000,000.

ners honoring the Vice President and the Speaker of the House, Washington's society reporters, combing the guest lists, dug out a tidbit. Wisconsin's Joe McCarthy was the only ranking Republican member of a congressional committee who was not invited to one of last week's formal dinners. Reporters hurried over to see Mamie's secretary, Mary Jane McCaffree, to ask why McCarthy was not invited. They got a straight answer: because the President and Mrs. Eisenhower did not want him.

Last week the President also:

¶ Signed the first law of the 84th Congress, a measure restoring special income-tax evasion penalties against narcotics peddlers that were inadvertently eliminated in last year's tax-revision bill.

¶ Appointed, as his administrative assistant in charge of federal-state government cooperation, Arizona's former two-term governor, Howard Pyle, who was defeated last November.

¶ Created the Committee on Government Employment Policy, supplanting the Civil Service Commission's Fair Employment Board, to report directly to the President on prevention of racial or religious discrimination in federal employment.

NATURAL RESOURCES

Dams v. Dinosaurs

Early one morning shortly after he had fought the McCarthy censure proceeding to a finish, Utah's Republican Senator Arthur Watkins dragged himself from bed to answer his telephone. On the line was a presidential aide who wanted to know if Watkins could be at the White House by 9:30. Weary Arthur Watkins managed to put off the appointment until 10 o'clock, then went down to receive Dwight Eisenhower's congratulations for a job well done. Just before he left, Watkins had an idea. "Mr. President," he asked, "would you permit a suggestion for your State of the Union message?" Said Ike: "Go ahead."

Watkins proceeded to put in a plug for something near to his heart: the billion-dollar power and reclamation project proposed for the Upper Colorado River Basin. There was, said Watkins, nothing socialistic about the idea; private utilities in the West were ready and eager to buy the power. Moreover, backing by the President would help refute some of the talk about the Administration's "giveaway" policy on natural resources. "That's a

good idea," said Ike, turning to an assistant and giving the necessary order.

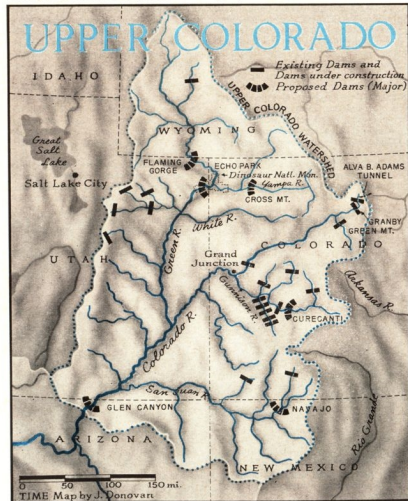
The President did mention the Upper Colorado Basin project in his State of the Union speech. He went even farther than Watkins had hoped: last week, in his budget message, the President recommended that \$5,000,000 be appropriated to get engineering started.

Treasure House. Ike's powerful support was thereby given to a plan which has been talked about for some 50 years and has been passed over by four previous Congresses, largely because of unrelenting opposition from 1) Southern California power interests who profit under the present distribution of Colorado River water and 2) conservationists (e.g., Ulysses S. Grant III) who for years charged (erroneously) that the big dam proposed for Echo Park, Colo., would flood out the dinosaur remains in the national park there. They have since shifted their argument to the claim that if Dinosaur National Monument is invaded today, Yellowstone will be tomorrow's victim. To the conservationists, Interior Secretary Douglas McKay has a trenchant answer. Says he: "As it is now, 2,200 people a year see that park. On the other hand, more than 3,000,000 people live in the Upper Colorado Basin states and they are hungry for water. Which is more important?"

The Upper Colorado Basin includes 110,000 square miles of Colorado, Utah, Wyoming, New Mexico and Arizona (the Upper and Lower Basin are defined in a seven-state compact signed in 1922, with the dividing line at Lee Ferry, Ariz.). More than 43 million acres—an area larger than the six New England states combined—are already given over to public recreational use (the Federal Government owns 72% of all the land in Utah and 52% of Wyoming). Some 70% of the farming in the Upper Basin depends on irrigation but only a small portion of the land is irrigated. The Upper Basin is a treasure house: lead, gold, silver, zinc, coal, oil—and now, uranium. But the water is not to be had for full development of these resources.

The Big Six. The Upper Basin's water shortage is the supreme irony, for through the area flows the nation's fifth longest river, the Colorado, draining one-twelfth of the U.S. It rises in the Rockies of Colorado and Wyoming, travels some 1,400 miles southwest past mountain meadows, breathtaking gorges and desert wastelands. It borders Southern California, which diverts its share of the water. Then it empties, with more than half its volume still unused (and of that which is used, the Lower Basin gets some 60%), into the Gulf of California. Along its vast upper reaches, the Colorado is the last great unharnessed river system in the U.S.

The project now being backed by President Eisenhower proposes six major dams at Glen Canyon, Echo Park, Cross Mountain, Flaming Gorge, Curecanti and Navajo. Each would have a dam, a reservoir and a power plant (exception: Navajo, for which no power unit is planned),



The Glen Canyon dam would be the most imposing; next only to the Hoover Dam, it would stand 700 feet high, provide storage for 26 million acre-feet of water, and produce 800,000 kilowatts of power. In addition to the Big Six, there would be 14 lesser projects, for irrigation purposes at such odd-sounding sites as Gooseberry, Seedskaadee and Silt. The entire system, say its supporters, would open 300,000 new acres to farming, vastly enhance the agriculture of 470,000 acres now partly under irrigation, and produce 1,622,000 kilowatts of electrical energy for an area now in desperate short supply.

Insofar as the Administration is concerned, the Upper Colorado Basin has another great virtue. The people of the area want water; how they get it is less important. Missing, to a large extent, is the highly emotional issue of public v. private power that hampers reasonable discussion of power development in the Pacific Northwest. Administration advisers feel that they can make the Upper Colorado a showcase for their policies on power development. If so, they consider it well worth braving the wrath of Dinosaur fanciers and Southern California.

THE STATES

Five Governors

In the Pittsburgh *Post-Gazette* one morning last week, George Leader found a prediction for his sign of the zodiac, Capricorn: "This is your day to get together with every single individual who has any interest in you." George Leader had no trouble taking this advice. It was his inauguration day as Pennsylvania's first Democratic governor in 16 years. "This," said Leader, making a refreshing admission in his inaugural speech, "is a post I sought."

In his home county of York, a Republican couple named their newborn baby George Leader in his honor. (Leader, who cut his own 37th birthday cake the day before, wired the infant: DEAR GEORGE: PLEASE TELL YOUR PARENTS SOME DAY HOW HONORED AND PLEASED I FELT.) In Harrisburg 35,000 people hailed the new governor. The sun brightened a four-hour inaugural parade that included an A.F.L. float displaying working girls in mink coats, a rather hopeful hint from labor.

Next day, after staying up until 1 a.m. at his inaugural ball, Governor Leader issued his first order: cut state spending. Because of the last administration's "reckless fiscal policy," he said, the state is running some \$500 million in the red. Nevertheless, he planned to drop the 1¢ state sales tax and to promote increased employment—two major campaign pledges.

Four other state governors were inaugurated last week:

Texas. Governor Allan Shivers, sworn in for his third full term, quoted from the *Book of Psalms*. "So teach us to number our days," said Shivers, who says that he wants to retire after this term (ending in 1957). Wealthy and still young (47), he



INTERNATIONAL
PENNSYLVANIA'S LEADER & CAKE
Bring on the mink.

ran partly so that he could lead a conservative Texas delegation to the 1956 Democratic convention. He helped swing Texas to Ike in 1952, but may now make peace with new Democratic National Chairman Paul Butler. Shivers has spent more for schools and hospitals than any past governor, now wants higher taxes to pay for new highway and water-conservation programs. His inauguration, despite a north wind that whisked away chairs and toppled a TV camera, set off a Texas-



ALABAMA'S FOLSOM & WIFE
Hitch up them mules.

sized celebration: two receptions, followed by five inaugural balls and a mammoth square dance.

Alabama. On Montgomery's hilly Dexter Avenue, banners fluttered with the phrase "Y'all come." Theater marquees proclaimed: "Welcome Back, Jim." Alabama put on its longest (twelve miles) and loudest (126 bands) parade for the U.S.'s tallest (6 ft. 8 in.) governor: Big Jim Folsom, 46, making a comeback after one sorry term, a bastardy suit in 1948 (later dismissed) and other troubles. Once famed as "Kissin' Jim," a whisky-drinking merry widower, he remarried, paraded in an Oldsmobile convertible, with his pretty wife and six children (two by his first wife, four by his second) in another car behind him.

Folsom campaigned as "the little man's big friend" and won in a walk. He said nothing about segregation, won both the Negro and white-supremacy vote. He pleased prohibitionists by denouncing liquor ads and delighted drinkers by hinting of price cuts in the state liquor stores. Businessmen mobilized a fleet of Cadillacs and Montgomery's only Rolls-Royce for his campaign. Once scornful of rich "got-rocks," Big Jim now has plenty of rocks himself (slices of an insurance agency and a battery business). He believes in the maxim: "Make no small plans."

Big Jim has big plans for Alabama and for himself. As a sample, he had a special \$32,000 hardwood dance floor installed in the Alabama Cattle Coliseum for his inaugural ball. Lazily, he waved to the crowd, called out his campaign catch phrase: "Hitch up them mules, boy, it ain't a goin' to rain." Speaking at the state white capitol, he pined absently at his cutaway, as though feeling for pockets. When the crowd roared, he drawled: "I forgot it was one of those long-tail jobs. Just every four years is all I'm used to wearing it."

South Carolina. With no parade, ball or fanfare, George Bell Timmerman Jr., 42, was sworn in as governor by his father, a federal judge. His oath of office included a promise that he would not fight a dual while in office. He replaced aging (75) Jimmy Byrnes, formerly governor, Secretary of State, U.S. Supreme Court Justice, Director of War Mobilization and U.S. Senator. Timmerman, who served eight years as lieutenant governor, inherits a cool \$3,000,000 reserve fund and a burning problem: South Carolina's determination to resist school desegregation.

Tennessee. The nation's youngest (34) governor, Frank Clement, a onetime FBI agent and part-time lay preacher, ran up a good record in his first two years and has a good program ready for his new four-year term. Spellbinding Corn-Shucker Clement, re-elected with the state's biggest vote, hopes for a chance to make the keynote speech at the 1956 Democratic convention. He figures he can talk himself into the vice-presidency, at least.

* Not to be confused with Kentucky's Earle Clements, Democratic whip in the U.S. Senate.

ARMED FORCES

Atoms Awigh

Sailors in orange life preservers over foul-weather gear hustled through the routine tasks of taking a sub to sea at Groton, Conn. one morning last week. When the *Nautilus* had quietly backed into the Thames River, made a smooth 180° turn and started pushing its massive, whalelike snout south toward Long Island Sound, the above-deck crew relaxed and waved to the workers lining the docks. At 11 a.m. on Jan. 17, the *Nautilus*' blinker snapped out a his-



ATOMIC SUBMARINE NAUTILUS

The historic message: "Under way on nuclear power."

toric message: "Under way on nuclear power."

The crew—and more than 60 special officers and civilians—were quietly jubilant. The guest with the most reason for satisfaction was Rear Admiral Hyman G. Rickover, who long fought the pressure of Navy brass and the skepticism of many scientists about the practicality of nuclear power. (As late as 1949, Dr. J. Robert Oppenheimer said, "Nuclear power for planes and battleships is so much hogwash.")

In last week's test runs, the *Nautilus* behaved as well as Rickover and his associates hoped it would. Afterwards an officer confidently reported: "Hell, we could have gone to Europe and back without coming up."

The *Nautilus* is powered by steam turbines. The heat comes from a nuclear reactor with a small uranium core. The *Nautilus* can outrun any other sub (an estimated 28 knots) and dive deeper than any other (beyond 500 feet). Armed with torpedoes (she can also carry atomic missiles), the *Nautilus* is scheduled to enter active service with the Atlantic Fleet in just six weeks.

A sister ship is now under construction at Groton. Two more atom subs have been authorized by Congress, and three more will be requested in the President's 1956 shipbuilding program. And that is only the beginning.

COMMUNISTS

The Ism & the Law

Has an employer the right to fire an employee because of membership in the Communist Party? Last week, in a 4-3 decision, the California Supreme Court gave its answer: yes.

The decision came in the case of Mrs. Doris Brin Walker, a Phi Beta Kappa graduate of the University of California School of Jurisprudence, who quit practicing law in 1946 and got a job as a clerk in the Cutter Laboratories of Berkeley, manufacturers of antibiotics and se-

customers against the clear and present danger of continuing a Communist Party member in its employ, but also the duty to take such action as it deemed wise to preserve order in its plant and to protect its other employees . . . against the same danger and the possibility of 'sabotage, force, violence' . . . The courts of this country, by making such an order [to reinstate Mrs. Walker], would be but aiding toward destruction of the Government they are sworn to uphold."

In Milwaukee last week, a divorce court was asked to decide whether a mother should have custody of her children when she intends to bring them up as Communists. Involved in the case is the family of Michael J. Ondrejka, an undercover agent for the FBI in Milwaukee Communist organizations from 1949 until last year. While he was acting his Communist role, Ondrejka says, he fell in love with and married pretty Lilly Rody, a devoted Red. Through the years he tried to lead her away from Communism, but did not tell her that he was an informer. After he violated party discipline, she sued for divorce. Although he still loves his wife and characterizes her as a "perfect mother" ("She's every good adjective you can think of"), Ondrejka's answer to her divorce complaint contends that she cannot raise their two daughters "properly" because of her "devotion and allegiance to the Communist Party."

TRIALS

Formless & Obscure

Last week, in Washington, two key counts in a Government perjury indictment against Owen Lattimore, onetime State Department adviser on Far East policy, were thrown out of court by U.S. District Judge Luther W. Youngdahl. The court ruled that the charges were "formless and obscure," and therefore denied the defendant protections guaranteed him in the Constitution and the Federal Rules of Criminal Procedure. The Justice Department has three alternatives: to appeal (although an appeal failed the last time a similar decision was handed down by Judge Youngdahl); to go to trial with the remaining counts on the original indictment; to drop the case.

SEQUELS

Greek Tragedy

With the clangorous repetition of a pile driver, tragedy has repeatedly battered the family of Dr. Sam Sheppard. Three times in six months the convicted wife killer had followed his relatives to their graves: first his wife Marilyn; then his grandfather-in-law; then his mother, a suicide (TIME, Jan. 17). Last week Dr. Sam, handcuffed to a deputy sheriff, looked on grimly as the body of a fourth relative was lowered into the ground. His father, Dr. Richard A. Sheppard, 64, had died of cancer, virus pneumonia, and a weariness of life.

PRISONS

The Siege of Cherry Hill

The Massachusetts State Prison, a cramped compound of blackened granite and dilapidated brick buildings in the Charlestown section of Boston, is the oldest, most disreputable prison in the U.S. It was built in 1805, has been damned for 80 years as a verminous pesthole, unfit for human habitation.

In the past two years the prison has been the scene of 16 disorders, including riots and attempted escapes. Last week, in the 17th and most spectacular try, four armed convicts held five guards and six fellow prisoners hostage, and kept the combined forces of the National Guard and prison authorities at bay for 82 hours, the second-longest prison siege in history (the longest: 100 hours, in 1952, at the State Prison of Southern Michigan, at Jackson). Scene of the attempted break was the Detention Demerit Building, popularly known as Cherry Hill, where the prison's most unruly criminals are kept.

Smothering Grease. Late afternoon four convicts began sawing through the one-inch bars of their solitary cells. They used smuggled hack-saw blades, smothering the noise with grease stolen from the kitchen. When the bars were held in place



Associated Press

TEDDY GREEN
"Honey, I am sorry."

only by narrow slivers of steel, the desperadoes hid their blades and waited.

At midnight they burst out, captured two guards. At 1 a.m. they forced the guards, at gunpoint, to give the "all's well" signal. Meanwhile, they improvised a ladder from scraps of wood, belts, bits of rope and a necktie. But it was too short to breast the prison wall, too flimsy to support their weight. By 4 a.m. three other guards had been captured. At 5 a.m. a general alarm was sounded.

The rebels were a desperate crew: 1)

Walter Harold Balben, 38, the leader, a husky, trigger-tense gunman and ex-paratrooper, serving sentences of 35 to 49 years, 2) Teddy Green (né Georgacopoulos), 39, a notorious, publicity-conscious escape artist and bank robber (he is a major suspect in the \$1,219,000 Brinks' robbery), under sentence of 45-52 years, 3) Joseph ("Red") Flaherty, 32, a handsome, fast-talking rapist and thief (35 to 47 years), and 4) Fritz Swenson, 31, a hulking, taciturn cop-killer and a lifer.

Hovering Helicopters. The morning after their break, the four trapped rebels allowed twelve of their fellow convicts to return to the main part of the prison, held the remaining six as additional hostages, and forced them to start digging a tunnel through the concrete floor of Cherry Hill. The escape tunnel was abandoned when water seeped into it. The desperate four demanded that Governor Christian Herter send them a getaway car. "One shot, one gas bomb," Green shouted across the prison yard, "and all five of you screws die." Massachusetts Attorney General George Fingold replied over a public-address system: "If one of those guards dies, you all die in the electric chair."

As news of the big break spread, the public and the press swarmed to Charlestown. Press helicopters whirled overhead, and photographers swung perilously above the prison wall on a crane. State troopers converged on Charlestown, and a Walker Bulldog tank lumbered up to the prison gates. The Rev. Edward Hartigan, the prison's Roman Catholic chaplain, was permitted to enter Cherry Hill to hear confessions and give Communion to some of the hostages. The prison physician was allowed to minister to a sick guard. Pretty Toby Green, 16, made a telephone call to her besieged father. Excerpts:

Toby: Hey, Dad?

Green: Oh, Toby! . . .

Toby: What are you doing?

Green: I just want to get out.

Toby: Dad, that's silly. How can you get out that way?

Green: Toby, Toby, you know Dad.

Toby: I know you.

Green: I'll get out! . . . Honey, Toby, honey, I am awfully sorry . . . Wait a minute, dear. Some of the boys are wondering who I am calling "dear" and "honey." One says who am I talking to, the warden? . . .

Toby: What are you doing with the guards?

Green: Oh, playing a little bridge with them or something like that.

Toby: What about the man who is sick?

Green: Who? Oh, he's lying down—throwing up . . .

Toby: What are you going to do to them?

Green: I would rather not talk about it, honey . . .

Toby: If anything does happen to me, by God, you won't be a father to me . . .

Green: I am sorry, Toby, but if that warden don't let me out in the car, I positively will. That is the way I feel about

it and that is that . . . I am sorry, Toby, you got hurt this way, but it is one of them things. I got to have my freedom and get all that money that is put away and I have to get it for you and Ma and the kids. If they give me a car like I want to get out of here, I won't bother them . . . My God, it is driving me out of my mind to get that money . . . It is too much money lying in the ground . . . I



Associated Press

Toby GREEN

"You won't be a father to me."

don't know no politicians so I have to get out my own way. I want out, and that's the whole darn thing . . .

Toby Green put down the phone and wept.

Gathering Tension. On the third day of the siege the convicts agreed to negotiate with a seven-man citizens' committee. At the first, tense meeting, between midnight and 3 a.m., the convicts were polite but adamant. They faced the committee across a table, set up with a pad and pencil as if for a board-of-directors meeting. They served coffee to the committeemen, talked at length of their hopeless futures, the rigid Massachusetts penal code, the miserable living conditions in Cherry Hill (one of the committeemen, Editor Erwin D. Canham of the *Christian Science Monitor*, was shut for a few minutes in one of the granite solitary cells—to see how it felt). At the second meeting, the following afternoon, the tensions mounted. The committee agreed to try to help the convicts, but made no deals.

At last, after six hours of negotiating, the grim men decided to surrender and face the consequences (up to 20 added years). "Until almost the precise moment when [the four] pulled their guns from their dungarees pockets, slipped out the clips or bullets, and tossed them on the table before us," wrote Canham, "we did not know whether the men would choose tragedy or hope."

JUDGMENTS & PROPHECIES

IKE'S TV CONFERENCE: FOR & AGAINST

Chief CBS Washington Correspondent
ERIC SEVAREID:

TV and newsreel film of [Ike's] weekly news conference will give the people a more intimate understanding of what goes on, but not by any means a complete understanding. For the White House news secretary continues to sit as editor of what may be seen and heard later. He edits the sound tape and he edits the film. The news secretary works for the President, not for the information media, and it would be too much to expect for him to release those segments of presidential speech in which the Chief Executive does not perform at his best.

It may be argued by some that under this system, free journalists are lending themselves to the uses of calculated official propaganda, but that would be stretching journalistic Calvinism a bit too far. For the journalists, of all media, will watch what portions of film are released, and they will feel perfectly free to make news of the fact that other portions are held back when that seems a newsworthy point to make. On the whole, the experiment went well; there seems no real reason it cannot continue to go well, and be of benefit, on balance, to both the President and the American people.

The Fair Dealing NEW YORK POST:

THE new TV-radio production known as "White House Press Conference" is apparently here to stay. In most places the opening was favorably reviewed. What is most notable in all the comment is the absence of protest over the censorship imposed by the White House on the TV-radio networks—a censorship which the networks have supinely accepted. This isn't a "live" TV-radio show. It is a carefully-edited "documentary"; the editing is done by White House Press Secretary Hagerty. The censorship has nothing to do with national security. It is governed by consideration of Republican security. Thus after Wednesday's conference, Hagerty deleted 11 of the 27 questions-and-answers before letting the show go on the road. For example, when asked about his delay in reappointment of Ewen Clague as Commissioner of Labor Statistics, [the President] confessed he had never heard of the fellow. His responses to questions about the Ladejinsky muddle and ex-Senator Cain's criticism of the security program were among other deleted matters. Thus, what TV and radio were permitted to transmit was a deftly-selected fragment of the press conference rather than the real thing. There is much merit in letting the country view and hear such White House sessions. This could be

a device through which a lot of ordinary people might gain deeper intimacy with the business of government. But under the censorship rules the show is a GOP propaganda project rather than a recording of history.

NEW YORK TIMES PUNDIT ARTHUR KROCK:

THE strategists of the Democratic Party are fully aware of the political potential for the Republicans in bringing the President's news conferences directly to the eyes and ears of a national audience. But they are appraising this new situation with philosophic calm. They recognize that the development is a legitimate extension of the publication of news conference transcripts, which has been the practice for a long time. And they also accept the fact that the value of these meetings for party propaganda, by any method of public communication, is a legitimate advantage of White House incumbency. But the Democrats, particularly those of the National Committee, are equally aware of the hazards of the new medium to the President and to his party. Eisenhower's predecessors on occasion have failed to avoid the pitfalls of the news conference, and sometimes they have made an unfavorable appearance before the court of public opinion.

INCOME TAX FORM THE WORST EVER

THE MILWAUKEE JOURNAL:

THIS should be a great year for the tax consultants. It could be a great year for psychiatrists, too. The taxpayer who gets to work on that new "simplified" tax form No. 1040 is going to need one or the other—and probably both. Last year, Congress rewrote the tax laws, in part to "simplify" them. The internal revenue bureau proudly said that it was going to make things much easier for the taxpayer to make his report by issuing new and "simplified" forms. The final product? Form 1040! Save us from simplicity!

Form 1040 not only contains the normal gobbledygook of tax forms, it has added some more, among which that of schedule J, "Exclusion and credit for dividends received from qualifying domestic (U.S.) corporations," is a beaut. This isn't a tax form. It's a maze that keeps you jumping from page to page, column to column (even double columns), line to line and back again. The government ought to pay prizes for solving it. This year the Ides of March becomes the Ides of April; the tax laws allow 30 more days for filing your tax. It isn't enough. If you have to use form 1040, the deadline ought to be at least the Ides of July. It is the worst income tax form ever put out by any administration!

ANSWER TO BRAINWASHING: COMPLETE "CONFESSIONS"

REAR ADMIRAL D. V. GALLERY, war-time skipper of the carrier Guadalcanal and chief of Naval Reserve Air Training in Glenview, Ill., writing in the SATURDAY EVENING POST:

THE treatment of American prisoners by the Reds in the Korean war poses [for] the free nations an evil problem: "What can we do about the Communists' hellish brainwashing technique for torturing 'confessions' out of prisoners of war?" I have no sympathy whatever for a prisoner who squealed on his buddies or who sold them out for his own benefit. We should throw the book at him and disgrace him. I have much sympathy for those who, under torture, gave the Reds "military information" of the kind we broadcast to the four winds in our magazines and newspapers. I understand and feel sorry for those who signed ger-warfare confessions or broadcast phony peace appeals. But the ones for whom I am really sorry are the boys who clammed up and took it, refusing to sign anything.

These lads accomplished nothing by their heroism. It certainly didn't bring the United States military victory. It didn't stop the Reds from winning a smashing propaganda victory in the Orient. As an American I am very proud of these men. But as an American I'm ashamed of the position we put them in. This must never happen again. Our military regulations say that a prisoner may state his "name, rank and serial number," but beyond that he must clam up. This harsh rule is uncivilized, un-American and stupid.

There is a simple way out of this grim mess, if we have enough vision and imagination to use it. Suppose the President of the United States were to issue an Executive Order to the armed forces right now, telling our men that, if captured by the Reds, they may sign any document the Communists want them to, or appear on radio or TV programs and deliver any script the Reds hand them. Tell them they can confess that the United States poisoned Lenin and Stalin; they can call the President a capitalist, warmongering dog of Wall Street; they can broadcast peace appeals, agree to settle behind the Iron Curtain when the war is over, and sign long-term leases on houses in Moscow. Give the Reds anything they want for propaganda purposes and defy them to use it! This order would be transmitted to the United Nations with a blistering statement explaining why we had to do it, and serving notice that hereafter statements of our prisoners, made to the enemy, would be a bunch of fairy stories. Worldwide publication of such an Executive Order would make the Reds look ridiculous on this side of the Iron Curtain when and if they attempted to use brainwash "confessions" in the future.

FOREIGN NEWS

FORMOSA

Gloom & Foreboding

The blows fell on Formosa, and on Chinese Nationalists everywhere, like hammer strokes. First there were the fall of Yikiang and the obvious threat to the Tachens, then the Dulles statement that the Tachens were not of strategic value and would not be protected by the U.S., then talk of a cease-fire, and the inference—quickly drawn by Asians—that Washington was headed toward neutralization of Formosa.

The reaction among the Nationalists was one of gloomy foreboding, frustration, resentment. Said a Taipei lawyer: "When are people going to realize that appeasement of the Communists does not pay?" A broadcasting official: "I feel numb when I think of what is happening." A merchant in Hong Kong: "I just can't wait to see the day America will be 'liberated' by the Communists. They haven't been hit hard enough to see what's coming for everybody."

Formosa's new troubles lent added weight to a psychological campaign which the Reds have been waging against the Nationalists for months. The weapon: broadcasts by individuals on the Red mainland to individuals on Formosa, urging them to desert. General Huang Chichang, ex-Nationalist general who defected to Peking, addressed eight of his former colleagues by name in a recent broadcast: "Do you want to be America's slave, or do you want to be a great man? Do you want to follow Chiang to the death? [Formosa] is going to be liberated. Chiang can flee to South America, but where will you be? World war will not come. The Americans cannot protect you. So have courage. Get in touch with us. We will wait to the last minute. Please come . . ."

Up to last week, Nationalist leaders professed to be amused by these appeals, although they were more concerned about the effect among Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek's armed forces (some of whom have received individual messages), and security measures were tightened. Now the Chinese Nationalists fear that, if the impression of U.S. feebleness and indecision spreads in Asia, the Red siren calls will be so much the stronger—and will fall on ever more receptive ears.

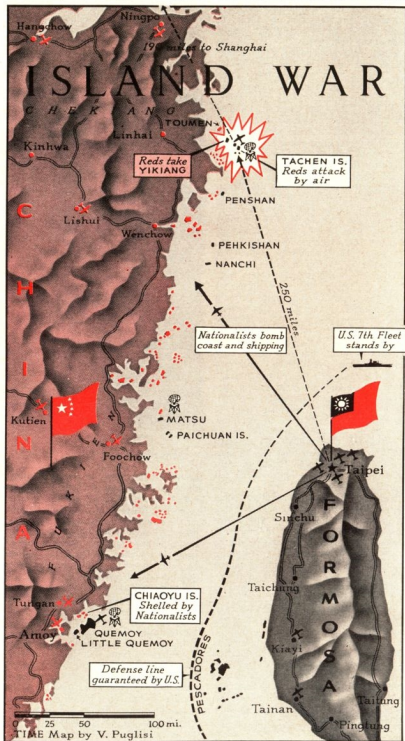
Fall of Yikiang

It was a bright, sunny day in the East China Sea. There was a tang in the air and a stiff breeze; the water was choppy but not rough. A good day it was for yachting, a reporter in Taipei sardonically observed. There were plenty of surface craft in the sea off tiny (little more than a half square mile) Yikiang Island, but they were not yachts. The Chinese Communists were successfully invading Yikiang—their first combat seizure of a Nationalist-held island since 1950.

The 700 "irregulars"—guerrillas, fisher-

men and observers—in the Yikiang garrison had no air or sea protection. They had been repeatedly shelled from Communist-held Toumen, six miles away. At mid-morning on the day of the assault, the Reds began shelling the tiny island from two destroyers, four gunboats and a

swarm of patrol boats. At noon 60 Red planes—Russian-built light bombers and fighter-bombers, with MIG jets for top cover—began plastering the Nationalists with 500-lb. bombs. Under this rain of fire, the garrison clung to its burrows; while they were holed up, the invaders



came ashore from a swarm of armored, motorized junks.

Washington intelligence estimated the attacking force at regimental strength (which would be 2,500 on the Chinese scale). They heavily outnumbered and soon overwhelmed the Nationalists. At dusk, the big Nationalist garrison on Upper Tachen, eight miles away, could still hear machine-gun fire. But later in the night silence fell on Yikiang. Next day the triumphant Reds sent 100 planes to bomb the Tachens—one of the largest raids of the island war.

Shock Wave. Yikiang (full name: Yikiangshan, meaning "one-river mountain") is no great strategic loss, as the U.S. Administration hastily pointed out, but the psychological shock was severe. The Chinese Reds had apparently studied the U.S. Marines' technique of combined operations—land, sea and air—and their seamanship was good enough for the job. They not only dared; they succeeded. The seizure of the unimportant island quickly raised important questions.

Aside from Formosa and the Pescadores, which the U.S. is committed to defend, the Nationalists hold four groups of small islands, scattered along 400 miles of the Chinese coast: the Tachens, the Nanchis, the Matsus and the Quemoy (see map). The Tachens are the hardest to defend, since they are almost out of combat range for Nationalist planes from Taipei. Conversely, they are much too far from Formosa to be steppingstones for a Red approach to the Nationalist stronghold; their principal value is as an early radar warning post for air attacks from the North. The Pentagon considers the Tachens "valuable but not vital." They have one small airfield which cannot now be used because of artillery from Yikiang; there is a second-rate radar station. Believing the Tachens expendable, the Pentagon says that it long ago tried to persuade the Nationalists to withdraw from them. Last week, after the fall of Yikiang, the U.S. pulled out its small military advisory group on the Tachens and brought pressure on Chiang to withdraw the garrison (one full division) and some 8,000 civilians.

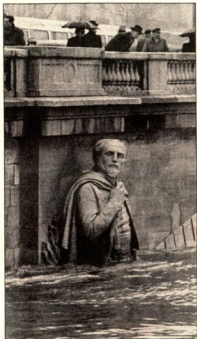
Valuable Quemoy. The other island clusters are easier for Nationalist planes to protect, but none except the Pescadores are steppingstones to Formosa. Quemoy, however, is uniquely useful to the Nationalists as a harassing base, since it is only five miles (easy artillery range) from the big Communist port of Amoy, and so prevents the Reds from making full use of Amoy harbor.

Last September the Reds shelled Quemoy heavily, in what looked like the prelude to attack, but they have failed—so far—to follow through. U.S. strategists are inclined to agree with the Nationalists that Quemoy must be held. Chiang Kai-shek's government demanded a firm and public pledge by the U.S. to defend Quemoy. President Eisenhower's message this week to Congress implied that Quemoy would be defended.

WESTERN EUROPE

Gody's Elbows

The eyes of all Paris were on André Louis Gody, a 17-foot Zouave who stands heroically in effigy beneath the Pont de l'Alma, where Emperor Napoleon III put him nearly 100 years ago to honor a victory in the Crimea. When the river waters swirl around Gody's calves, Parisians know that the Seine is in flood. Last week the water reached well above Gody's elbows. As the floodwaters poured down into the city, raising the river crest to nearly seven meters above normal, all of Paris' quays were engulfed. The priceless works on the ground floor of the



Agence Diffusion Presse
INUNDED ZOUAVE
In the basement, cruising washtubs.

Louvre were taken upstairs to safety, three companies of firemen were kept busy pumping water out of the basement of ancient Notre-Dame, and police closed off the famed Pont des Invalides for fear its waterlogged arches might collapse. In the suburbs, thousands were evacuated from their homes. In Paris' 227 Roman Catholic churches, special prayers were said for favorable weather.

Swollen like the Seine on the overflow of unseasonable rains and winter thaws, other European rivers as well were on the rampage. At Bonn, Germany's normally sedate Rhine River was twice its usual girth, marooning U.S. High Commissioner Conant in his home. Whooping with glee, Rhineland children cruised their family basements in washtubs, while resigned elders watched the water level, carefully marked on the stained walls of riverside inns, climb higher than it had since 1926. Floodwaters on an *Autobahn* caused a

freak chain-reaction smash-up involving 69 cars, trucks and motorcycles.

Wind-whipped blizzards added to the confusion. All over Britain, snow, freeze-ups, floods and gale winds played in full fury. The freak week began with the biggest, blackest cloud of smog within London's memory, suddenly enveloping the nation's nighttime capital in midnight darkness. Pedestrians scurried for shelter, and one bearded old prophet paraded in front of Croydon Town Hall crying aloud, "The end of the world has come." The thickest snows in eight years covered all British counties except Cornwall, which had instead the worst floods of half a century. The National Automobile Association officially reported "the worst mixture of terrible road conditions we can remember." The Royal Navy dispatched its 13,000-ton aircraft carrier *Glory* to serve as a base of helicopter operations to relieve snowbound Scottish crofters in the north.

In all of Britain only a single herd of cows seemed to take any joy in the week's weather. They were watered with an emergency ration delivered in old whisky barrels from a local distillery. They seemed to like the stuff.

RUSSIA

Cold Comfort Farming

"What is a married man?" Communist Party Boss Nikita Khrushchev asked an audience in Moscow's Bolshoi Theater, and answered himself: "It is a man who wants to raise a family and to settle firmly in a new place." The emphasis was on the words "firmly" and "new place," for the audience was a group of young city men who are being sent east to help turn Siberian wasteland into golden harvest.

Earlier groups of settlers are writing "tearful" letters home, pudgy Boss Khrushchev said, "reproaching" the government with the fact that, in addition to enduring the rigors of the frontier, they are expected to pay heavier defense taxes as bachelors. Revealing himself as the originator of the bachelor tax, he added: "If 100 million were added to our 200 million population, even that would not be enough. There must be in a family at least three children!"

In the Ukraine, traditional Soviet "breadbasket," severe drought has raised the specter of famine, and increased peasant resistance to government collection of grain. Previous failures to control the peasants in this area (e.g., in the early '30s, when farmers slaughtered millions of head of cattle when forced to collectivize, and in 1950, when they burned haystacks as a protest against new regimentation) led Khrushchev last year to undertake a vast switch in Soviet agricultural effort: to grow wheat on some 100 million acres of marginal and semi-desert land in Siberia. Tens of thousands of young party workers and more than half the country's agricultural-machinery production are being shipped out to Kazakhstan and Altai. But the life is not easy.

Said Khrushchev last week: "It is said that there is little rain there. Many will have to go to completely open country where no amenities are available. In many regions there is no timber [but] Kazakhstan is very rich in reed plants. This is very good material for the construction of houses." For the fainthearted, Khrushchev had a word of warning: "We will see you off with honor, but we won't welcome you back with joy. You must settle there firmly, once and forever. For this purpose it is desirable that you should marry there."

EAST GERMANY

The Devil's General

Even after the German armies capitulated in World War II, a fanatic *Wehrmacht* general, commanding a force of last-ditch Nazis, held out against the Russians in a Bohemian mountain redoubt. Field Marshal Ferdinand Schörner, 62, had been named by Hitler to succeed him as commander-in-chief of the German army; in the Führer's last testament his name ranked sixth.* In pursuance of the dead Führer's wishes, Schörner went on fighting, ruthlessly killing hundreds of his own men who resisted the futile slaughter. He finally deserted his outfit disguised as a Tyrolean peasant, gave himself up to the U.S. 42nd Infantry Division. The Americans turned him over to the Russians, who, it was assumed, hanged him.

Last week Schörner came back from the dead. Released from a brainwashing camp somewhere in the Soviet Union, he arrived in East Germany to take over "a military post." When the Communists formally recognize their "People's Police" as a full-fledged East German army, West Germans now expect that "the Devil's General," as they call Schörner, will become either its No. 1 or No. 2 man.

BURMA

Acceptable Aid

Burma's Premier U Nu is a devout Buddhist, a Socialist and a sufficiently alert observer of the current scene to recognize Red China privately as the beast next door. U Nu is also an impeccable outward neutralist, a sponsor for Red China at international conferences, reluctant to accept arms from the West against Burma's own Communist rebellion. Last week however, U Nu found a canny way out of his difficulties: in exchange for some of Burma's piled-up rice surplus, he would collect enough military hardware to equip a brigade—not from the suspect West, but from his acceptably socialist visitor, Marshal Tito. Left unsaid was the fact that Tito would have guns to spare only because he himself is being handsomely armed by Britain and the U.S.

* After Grand Admiral Doenitz (now in Berlin's Spandau jail), Goebbels (who shot himself), Martin Bormann (still missing, presumed alive), Seyss-Inquart (hanged at Nürnberg), and Gauleiter Paul Giesler (killed in 1945).

FRANCE

Juggler

Though his opponents are busy discussing among themselves who will be France's next Premier,* Pierre Mendès-France last week blithely shook up his Cabinet for the fifth time and announced crisply: "Now the real work begins." By this he meant applying himself to his favorite subject, economics, and his declared intention to unravel France's knotted economy.

In all that has gone before (Geneva, EDC, the Paris accords), Mendès-France, for all his spectacular performance, has regarded himself as merely clearing the decks. Last week the Premier stepped



Robert Cohen—AGIF
FOREIGN MINISTER FAURE
Under another name, mysteries.

down as his own Foreign Minister and persuaded his able Minister of Finance, Edgar Faure, to move over to the Quai d'Orsay. Faure, who was Premier once himself (for 40 days in 1952) and would like to be again, is a lawyer and economist, a moderately successful writer of mystery stories (under the pseudonym Edgar Sanday), and a backer of the late EDC. His elevation to Foreign Minister is plainly part of Mendès' effort to stave off his threatening tumble from power by a gesture to the country's "European" wing. But agile as Mendès-France is, his enemies are still confident that they will shortly bring him down.

To add to the splintered confusion in the French Assembly, the executive committee of the Socialist Party voted last

* Most talked about: Rightist Antoine Pinay, who was Premier almost ten months in 1952.

week to expel 16 Deputies who defied party orders by voting against both EDC and the Paris accords. The Socialists, with 105 seats in the Assembly, are the largest single party in the Assembly. If the 16 rebels refuse to confess their sins and return contritely to the fold, the largest single party in the Assembly will then be the Communists (98 Deputies).

Spare the Cat

According to a current survey by the French National Research Council, 15% of French parents still beat the devil out of their children with a form of cat-o-nine-tails, a contraption of wood and thongs known to the French as *le martinet*. Town kids get whalloped more often but less severely than their country cousins, who are, says the survey, the "happiest and dirtiest" in the nation.

MOROCCO

The Vigilantes

Terror is no stranger to Morocco these days. Last year Moroccan terrorists killed some 200 people and wounded 500 more. Many a European in Morocco now carries a gun as a matter of course. But not all the terrorism in Morocco is perpetrated by native Moors, and not all the European guns are used in self-defense. In recent weeks, there has been an increase of cases of European terrorism aimed at the natives. Often the activities of the "counter-terrorists," as they call themselves, are conducted with the tacit complicity of local cops, who have little patience with the slow-moving machinery of French justice. "What?" bellowed one indignant Casablanca policeman recently, "Arrest Frenchmen for killing these Moroccan pigs? They ought to be given the Legion of Honor."

Seeing Nothing. Morocco's French-colonial vigilantes are largely concentrated in three small, tightly knit undercover groups: the White Hand, *Agif* (to act), and the more formally titled *Organisation de Défense Anti-Terroriste*. They meet in favorite bistros to discuss their plans and plots over glasses of *pastis*. Their earliest targets were Moors picked off in dark alleys, but in time they moved on to bigger game, like the prominent Moroccan Lawyer Omar Slaoui, who was shot last August by two Frenchmen posing as police. Small Moroccan businessmen are frequent targets, and so are native school-teachers. Frenchmen suspected of favoring the Moroccans by advocating peaceful compromise are also singled out for quick punishment. "Pig, you've sold out to the rats; you will be a feast for the worms," ran one threatening letter to a government official which was signed "The True Frenchmen."

One night last October a bomb was thrown into the apartment of the editor of Casablanca's *Maroc Presse*, who advocated a liberal, evolutionary solution of the Moroccan problem. Another bomb exploded in the home of a French industrialist who the week before had made a vague

speech recognizing the existence of "difficulties." Meanwhile the terror kept up against the Moroccans themselves. One wealthy local merchant was cornered in his garage and riddled with machine-gun fire. Another was killed as he drove to work in his green Ford Anglia. It was broad daylight and two Casablanca cops were standing nearby. Both denied seeing a thing.

Last Drink. Unable to trust the local police, French authorities called in help from Paris. Ten inspectors, said to be on vacation, arrived in Casablanca and by luck turned up one local cop who was willing to talk. Albert Forestier was a tough, 25-year-old ex-racing cyclist and newspaperman who had joined the police force only a few months before. He was soon an avid vigilante as well, but when his friends bombed the home of his old editor, he turned sour. Albert's story to the French detectives was complete with names and dates. Before he could tell it to a judge and jury, however, he died in an automobile crash. Was it an accident? Nobody knows.

With Albert gone, the officials had lost their best lead, but there are still many secondary sources to follow, though they are made difficult by the conspiracy of silence. In a bistro in Casablanca, three late-staying Moroccans asked for another round of drinks. "Go on, give it to them," the proprietor told his wife. "It's the last drink they'll ever have." Riding home in their car a few minutes later, the Moroccans were shot down by a blast of machine-gun bullets. Names like that of the bistro's proprietor are often spoken of in connection with Moroccan anti-terrorism. But until unintimidated witnesses stand ready to testify, the officials are helpless. "We need an airtight case," insisted one French authority last week. "We can't risk a trial in which the European terrorists will be acquitted."

SOUTH AFRICA

The New Man Speaks

The new Prime Minister of South Africa, gimlet-eyed Johannes Gerhardus Strydom, 61, presented his first program to Parliament last week. It was pure Malan-ism. Strydom asked Parliament to reduce the authority of South Africa's highest courts, which for three years have thwarted old Daniel Malan's attempt to disenfranchise 50,000 Cape Colored (mixed blood) voters. He was less extreme than his enemies had feared (he did not yet demand, for example, that South Africa sever ties with Britain), a fact which gave his program almost the appearance of moderation. But moderation, Strydom style, includes recommending legislation which would:

- ❶ Require non-white servants to leave white-populated areas each night;
- ❷ Outlaw labor unions with mixed white and non-white membership;
- ❸ Give police the right to attend private meetings of more than three persons, for purposes of political investigation.

SPAIN

Education of a King

At Madrid's Delicias Station one morning last week, a thousand ardent Spanish monarchists shouted a lusty welcome to 17-year-old Prince Juan Carlos de Bourbon, who arrived from Lisbon after spending a vacation with his exiled father, Pretender Don Juan. The train was ceremoniously brought into the station by the Count of Alcubierre, an amateur engine driver, while dukes and marquesas cried "Viva el Rey." Stern Franco police made no effort to interfere. The demonstration was enthusiastic but possibly a little premature: as Franco now sees it, 13 years must elapse before Prince Juan can become king (TIME, Jan. 10).

Leaning from the blue and gilt private car, the smiling, curly-haired young prince



Jaime Pato—Life
PRINCE JUAN CARLOS
All work and no play.

acknowledged his welcome. Behind him, whispering a word in his ear from time to time, was a short, leathery man in the olive uniform of the Spanish army. He was Lieut. General Carlos Martínez de Campos y Serrano, Duque de la Torre, the guardian chosen by Franco and Don Juan to guide the prince over the long and narrow path to kingship.

Up to Work. Prince and general drove together to the palace of the Duque de Montellano, a drab pile of masonry on the Paseo de la Castellana near the U.S. consulate, which is to be the prince's new home. In a reception room, a score of privileged grandes and their wives waited with half a dozen of Juan's former high school classmates. The prince shook hands all round, said General Martínez de Campos, taking the prince by the arm and leading him to the center of the room: "Now, if Your Royal Highness pleases, we will get to work." The prince went upstairs to meet his tutors.

Study, Study & Sleep. Next morning, up and through breakfast by 9, the prince began a strict schedule which will occupy his weekday life for the next six or seven months. Every morning he will take two lessons in mathematics, one gymnastic lesson and one long lesson in classics. After lunch he rests briefly, then goes to Madrid's Club de Campo (a businessman's club, so that he can mingle with other than bluebloods), where he spends the next two hours in princely recreation, mostly horseback riding, but also golf and tennis. Late in the afternoon he returns to Montellano Palace for further study in history and languages, stops in time to change and have a breathing spell before dinner. After dinner there is reading, homework and sleep.

At week's end, disturbed by "malicious speculation" abroad about the monarchy, Dictator Franco issued an interview in the Falangist *Arriba*, reassuring his Fascist supporters that in thinking about restoration of the monarchy, he does not have in mind a "liberal or parliamentary" monarchy, but one which will "incarnate the principles of unity and authority" held by those "of the Catholic confession." Being a King of Spain never was a comfortable job.

Moscow's Gold Standards

Between midnight and 2 a.m. one October day in 1936, a line of trucks two blocks long stood outside the ornate portals of the Bank of Spain, in Madrid's Calle Alcalá. Bank employees, under the guard of picked Communist militiamen, loaded the trucks with 510 tons of gold, in bullion and coins—the bulk of the Loyalist gold hoard—worth 1,734,000,000 gold pesetas (\$566 million). Although Spain's civil war was only three months old, Nazi intervention had made the Soviet-backed Loyalist position shaky.

On the outskirts of Madrid, the truck drivers were changed. The new drivers were told that the cargo was high explosives. The convoy reached Cartagena, where the heavy gold-filled cases were put aboard a Russian ship.

Appointment in Odessa. The move was so secret that not even Defense Minister Indalecio Prieto was informed of this destination. Prieto found out about it only because he happened to be in Cartagena on business. The maneuver had been worked out by Juan Negrín, the pro-Communist Foreign Minister of the Largo Caballero government, in cahoots with Marcel Rosenberg, the Soviet ambassador, and Arthur Stakheevsky, Soviet economic adviser in Madrid (both of whom were later purged by Stalin).

The four Spanish guards on the Russian ship assumed that the gold would be taken to some southern French port, near but safe. Instead, the ship dropped anchor at Odessa, on the Black Sea. The Loyalist government in exile made several demands on Moscow for the return of the gold. So did the victorious Franco government in Madrid. Moscow spurned both claimants. Shortly after receiving the

treasure, the Russians announced "a sharp increase in the Soviet Union's goldmining production," and Russia became an exporter of gold.

For Russian Help. This month, in one of those outbursts of recriminations that occur in Mexico City's colony of Spanish ex-Loyalists, Indalecio Prieto stirred up the long-buried story of the gold hoard, accused his fellow exile, Juan Negrín, of complicity. This time, Franco's Spain picked up Prieto's accusations. In formal notes to the U.S., Britain and France, Franco's Foreign Minister protested against Russian use of the Spanish gold in European trade. Since the Russians have undoubtedly melted down the coins and removed the Spanish mint marks from the bullion, it was hard to see how Madrid could identify the gold in question with Spain's lost treasure of the civil war. By extorting this secret kickback from the Loyalists, the Communists, though on the losing side, came out of the war with a clear profit.

INDIA

The Struggle for Andhra

Jawaharlal Nehru stood upright in his open black Cadillac as it rolled beneath triumphal arches through the villages and towns of southeast India. "WELCOME, JEWEL OF ASIA," the customary placards proclaimed as he journeyed, garlanded, along paths strewn with palm leaves. Yet despite the familiar scenes of adulation, he seemed distant, tired, and ineffectual. Speaking from a platform 15 feet above the crowds of illiterate peasants, he projected his own confusion. He is against "the Communists," but not against "Communism." He does not approve of Communist "methods," but as for Communist objectives, "I like them." "Does Nehru Sahib wish us to vote for the Communists or not?" asked one of the bewildered peasants.

Prophets & Promises. Nehru's confusion was all the more apparent, since he had journeyed south purposely to stump against the Communists in the tight, important campaign for the Andhra state elections. The Communists are driving hard to win in Andhra, an arid land cut by ravines and deep poverty. The Communists are stronger there than anywhere else in India. Andhra is India's first "linguistic state," formed in 1953 among the 21 million Telegu-speaking people. As such, it is only one of 29 Indian states, but India's Communists hope to make it their first conquest; they talk confidently of converting Andhra into an Indian "Yenan," a power base from which they can subvert the rest of India.

Well-organized, the Communists campaign in whatever way suits the situation, exploiting violence, logic or superstition. They beat up Congress workers, intimidate rich men in "Buy a Bicycle for Communism" fund-raising drives; they put on song-and-dance acts every night in gaily lit village stalls. The Communists denounce Nehru's dams and power projects,



CAMPAIGNER PATIL

No more couplets from the Upanishads.

whispering to the peasants: "Electricity is being taken out of the water to give to the landlords." They disguise themselves as astrologers to predict that "by the stars, there will be a Communist India." The Communists even pose as holy men, rubbed with ashes, to preach that "the gods want Andhra to be India's first Communist state." The Communist tactics are many-sided, but their theme is consistent and throbbing: "Five acres per peasant . . . We will give you land!"

From Gandhi to Dandies. Less than three weeks before the Andhra election, the 25 top leaders of the Andhra Congress Party gathered in nearby Madras, propping themselves up against cushions on a great white mattress. The Congressmen's names were big names of the Gandhi

days: Govind Ballabh Pant, Abul Kalam Azad, Chakravarti Rajagopalachariar; the setting was Gandhian, in a tenement, and many of the leaders traveled to Madras Gandhi-style, in jampacked third-class carriages. But they were painfully aware that India's Congress officials had since drifted away from the people; the old men on the mattress could detect a mounting outcry against Congress officialdom's growing flabbiness, its fondness for big houses and pomp. The old men were also disturbed by Nehru's disappointing campaign through Andhra.

For four hours the old leaders conferred, while curious crowds gathered in the narrow streets outside. A new party platform was required by "the compulsion of circumstances," the Congressmen concluded. Congress could no longer seek a Gandhian "cooperative commonwealth" in which cottage-industry workers would "recite couplets from the Upanishads as they wove their cloth." Instead it must set up state factories, "a pattern of society where the means of production are under social control." Nehru assigned responsibility for putting over the new "socialistic pattern" to a tough Congress politician whom he dislikes: S. K. ("Eskay") Patil, 55, an ex-newspaperman jailed nine times by the British, who now runs the Congress machine in Bombay (pop. 36 million), the only Indian state where the Communists are losing ground. Eskay Patil dislikes Nehru's Red China policy ("close to appeasement") and Nehru's autocratic ways.

"Socialism is Inevitable." Eskay Patil, arriving in Andhra, began by firing corrupt and inefficient Congress ward bosses. "Congress need only fear its own rottenness," said he. Patil delivered a rasping commentary on Nehru's feeble campaign ("too intellectual"), and treated his audience to lurid descriptions of Communist peasant atrocities in Red China. To those voters who felt intimidated by the Communists, Eskay Patil proclaimed: "You'd better be more afraid of me than the Communists, for I'm tougher!"

Laying down the new Congress line, Campaigner Patil concluded: "In a country like India, full of have-nots, the choice lies at present only between democratic socialism and Communism. We can only hope that the socialism will be democratic, but under present conditions and given the present temper of the people, socialism anyhow is inevitable. India has no alternative . . . except Communism."

VIET NAM

Signs of Improvement

"No amount of American aid can guarantee the freedom of Viet Nam," said U.S. Presidential Envoy Joseph Lawton Collins last month, "unless the Vietnamese are determined to be free." Last week General Collins flew back to Washington bearing news of considerable Vietnamese determination. "Things are looking up in South Viet Nam," reported the *New York Herald Tribune's* Homer Bigart at the same time. "The odds on holding the



Time Map by V. Puglisi

place, quoted at no better than one in ten a month ago, are now reduced to one in five."

One of the reasons for the changing odds—adverse though they still are—is a series of indications that Nationalist Premier Ngo Dinh Diem is beginning to get across to his people. Last week Diem:

☛ Reviewed 15,000 loyal Vietnamese troops—not one French colonial among them—in an hour-long parade in Saigon.

☛ Reached agreement that the U.S. would start training a 100,000-man Vietnamese army, plus a reserve of 150,000 men. The necessary funds would be transmitted through a new Vietnamese (not French) bank.

☛ Accepted the allegiance of 8,000 troops of the Cao Dai and Hoa Hao religious sects, whose hostile private armies were thereby reduced by about one-third.

☛ Started proceedings against wealthy Phan Van Giao, onetime Vice Premier and business manager for Chief of State Bao Dai, accusing him of misappropriating 5,650,000 piasters (\$169,500).

The previously reticent Premier is showing more self-confidence and political skill. He is also getting stronger and more popular, partly because he is now the sole dispenser of U.S. aid in South Viet Nam, but more importantly because Diem is developing a novel formula that is catching Vietnamese imagination: a nationalist, puritanical revulsion from the corruption and immorality that most Vietnamese associate with the discredited French colonials.

ITALY

Cool Dish

"Revenge," Italy's late King Victor Emmanuel III once said, "is a dish that should be eaten cold." Palmiro Togliatti, kingpin of Italy's Communists, followed this royal precept last week when it came time to punish a rebel in his court.

The offender was Comrade Pietro Secchia, the party's deputy secretary general and one of Togliatti's two topmost lieutenants. As chief of the party's organizational apparatus, and the late Lavrenty Beria's representative in Italy, Moscow-trained Comrade Secchia had long possessed authority, secret dossiers and generous allocations of funds with which to build a personal machine within the party. But at the national party conference a fortnight ago, he rashly got himself identified with party diehards, who want to discard Palmiro Togliatti's "soft" policy for tough methods (TIME, Jan. 24). Because Moscow has decreed there should be no public quarrel now, Comrade Togliatti waited his chance to serve a cold dish to Pietro Secchia.

Last week *L'Unità*, the party journal, published a simple, two-column box announcing that Togliatti had been confirmed as secretary general, and Comrade Luigi Longo as deputy secretary general. At the bottom of the list, after describing all other members of the national politburo, came this line: "Comrade Pietro



Meldolesi—Black Star
COMMUNIST SECCHIA
At the bottom of the list.

Secchia has been named to fill the post of regional secretary of the party for Lombardy.

Lombardy, which includes industrial Milan, is one of the citadels of Communist Party strength (some 340,000 of the total claimed Italian membership of 2,500,000). A recent drop in party membership there, and a more serious decline of 75,000 membership in Lombardy's Red-run trade unions, shows the need for a tough, driving organizer of Secchia's caliber. But it is also the kind of job in which an out-of-favor Communist can be made to look bad. If the Communists intended to honor Secchia with the appointment, they would hardly have removed him as deputy secretary general or taken him off the politburo. "Secchia will have an office in which to read his papers, but that's about all he'll have," guessed one ex-Communist labor leader.

GREAT BRITAIN

Transformation in Trade

The Board of Trade announced last week that 1954 was the best trading year in British history. Its figures gave eloquent proof of the quiet but massive transformation that is taking place in the British economy.

Where Lancashire textiles and Welsh coal once led the list of exports, Britain's new staples are metals and engineering products (more than 50% of all British exports last year), chemicals (\$560 million worth), and such technical specialties as radioactive isotopes (Britain is by far the world's largest isotope supplier, shipping 7,000 consignments a year to some 46 different countries). British car exports, the Board of Trade reported, "greatly exceed the combined exports of all European countries and are almost double those of the U.S."

The British still buy more in the world market than they sell. But the perennial trade deficit, which haunted the Labor government and forced the 1949 devaluation of the pound, has been transformed into a surplus with the help of such "invisible exports" as Lloyd's of London insurance policies and earnings from foreign tourists. Britain has also benefited from the worldwide change in the terms of trade: since the end of the Korean war, the prices of food and raw materials (which Britain must buy abroad) on the whole have tended to fall, while the price of manufactures (which Britain has for sale) has risen correspondingly. But Britain also owes much to its Tory government, which accepted most of the welfare measures inherited from the Socialists, while reducing their freedom-clogging restrictions on business initiative. The payoff was last week's Board of Trade report: Britain's exports in 1954 hit an alltime high of \$7.5 billion.

KOREA

Uninvited Guest

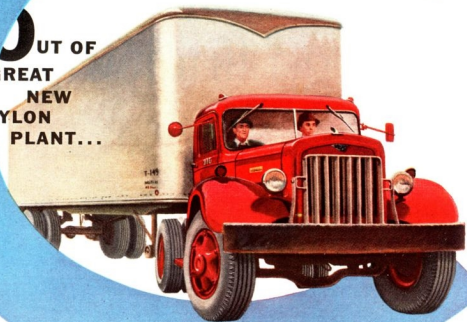
A Korean general named Kang Moon Bang had an unexpected guest last week during a briefing session at ROK army HQ in Taeju: the top U.S. soldier in Korea, General Maxwell Taylor. As Kang Moon Bang talked on, a window at one side of the room slid open, and another unexpected guest popped into the room.

The newcomer waved a .45 service automatic and aimed it ominously at General Taylor, commander of all U.S. ground forces in the Far East. For a stupefied moment, nothing happened. Then a husky Korean general grabbed the uninvited guest in a hammer lock, while another Korean punched him in the jaw and a third pinned his arms to his side. As Korean sentries rushed into the room, Taylor calmly suggested that the briefing continue. In an embarrassed five minutes, the lecture was over. Before General Taylor left for Seoul, he ordered his public relations officers to say nothing about the incident. But the news leaked anyway.

Embarrassed Korean army officers identified the would-be assassin as Major Kim Ki Ok, 34, a wounded veteran of the early Korean war days, and said that he was mentally upset and perhaps insane. But President Syngman Rhee's nimble propaganda office saw an opportunity to make a little hay. "Major Kim had served in the front during the fighting and was sent to the rear with wounds," the government explained. "It is believed that the shock which came with his disappointment at the armistice and failure to achieve the unification of Korea affected his mind. He confessed that by threatening General Taylor he wanted to arouse public opinion of the U.S. to increase military aid to Korea . . . He did not have any intention of hurting the general."

The army announced that it would court-martial Major Kim, but General Taylor made a personal appeal to Rhee, urging clemency.

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The Ranch Wagon has room for six people plus cargo space behind the rear seat. Or fold "Stowaway" rear seat into floor, lower tailgate and you get over 8 feet of level load space.



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THE HEMISPHERE

COSTA RICA

Attack that Failed

The attack on Costa Rica was both an invasion and a rebellion; it came from northern neighbor Nicaragua, but the attackers were nearly all insurrectionary Costa Rican expatriates. It failed as an invasion because any invasion becomes international business, and other American nations cooperated to seal off the invaders and send arms—specifically four F-51 Mustang fighter planes*—to the victim. It failed as a rebellion because the rebels were inept and badly misjudged their own strength.

The attack was launched by vengeful followers of Costa Rica's onetime (1940-44) President Rafael Calderón Guardia, who was blocked from seizing power in 1948 by present President José ("Pepe") Figueres. The military commander was Captain Teodoro Picado Jr., a Costa Rican exile and 1951 West Point graduate.

Ditched & Disillusioned. Nicaraguan Dictator Anastasio ("Tacho") Somoza nurtured the rebellion without taking a military part. His *Guardia Nacional* harbored Picado as a captain; Picado's father (another Costa Rican ex-President) has long been Tacho's secretary; Tacho and Calderón Guardia admire each other. For warplanes the rebels started out with two T-6 trainers, one F-47 fighter and one DC-3 transport; Tacho's air force included identical planes. A captured rebel said that he was billeted for pre-invasion training at the Nicaraguan Guard's Fort Coyotepe (another insurgent reported he had been trained at Chiquimula, in Guatemala). But Tacho expertly concealed the hard evidence needed to prove Nicaragua's complicity to the satisfaction of the peace-keeping Organization of American States' field investigators, who announced only that the invaders' arms came over Costa Rica's "northern border."

That finding, however, was enough to make Tacho hastily withdraw any further aid. Then another disillusionment dawned on Calderón Guardia. In seven years of thirst for revenge, he had convinced himself that a discontented Costa Rica would rise and hail him as its liberator. Instead, the people formed a citizen's army to defend the Figueres government.

War & Victory. The defending army was a pickup militia dressed unimpressively in blue jeans or old clothes, many of them toting their own hunting rifles. They fought in high spirits, but it was the Loyalists' two-man air force that really turned the tide. When the Mustangs reached Costa Rica early last week, not a single available Costa Rican pilot had ever checked out in what was World War II's hottest U.S. fighter. But two commercial pilots with the appropriate names of Victory and Guerra (War) had run up



COSTA RICAN LOYALISTS ON THE FIRING LINE
Blue jeans and Mustangs beat khaki and halftacks.

Henry Wallace—Life

thousands of hours in tamer planes. U.S. instructors hastily briefed them on the Mustang. Less than 24 hours later they buzzed San José, back from their first mission.

The Mustangs chased the rest of Picado's warplanes back to Nicaragua, and defeat for the rebels became inevitable. But Picado still had reason to think he had the better army. The 600 rebels were dedicated men, trained for eight months, tidily uniformed in khaki, well armed and equipped with everything from foot powder to field telephones, from halftacks to water-purifying halazone tablets. "Annihilation of the enemy," said Picado defiantly, "is the modern doctrine of war." But after eleven days of fighting, most of his troops, punished by the Mustangs and harassed by the Loyalists, stumbled into the borderline buffer zone created by the Organization of American States. Back in San José, President Figueres, referring to West Pointer Picado's tactics, chortled: "You can send them to school, but you can't give them brains."

Peace & Problems. O.A.S. leaders and notably the U.S.'s untiring Latin American Affairs chief, Henry Holland, could take satisfaction from an effective first military application of the 1947 Rio treaty, which provides that every American nation must aid any other American that might be attacked. But no permanent peace has been won. Figueres still despises Somoza and wishes that neighbor Nicaragua were an armyless democracy like Costa Rica. Somoza still hates Figueres and wishes that his good friend Calderón Guardia were running Costa Rica. The Calderonistas still think revolution a more promising route to power than tak-

ing their chances in elections. Perhaps by way of preparation for the next round of shooting, Tacho Somoza last week began uncrating 25 war-surplus Mustangs that had just arrived from Sweden.

GUATEMALA

Ambushed Plot

The "inside men" of last week's plot to topple the Guatemalan government were supposed to fling open the gates at Aurora air base, the country's key military post, precisely at 1:30 p.m. A little before that time, 25 of the plotters drifted casually around; four dozen others crouched in nearby thickets, ready to storm in. At the appointed minute, the gates flew open—disclosing two tanks and a platoon of soldiers drawn up with automatic weapons ready. "We're sunk!" whispered one attacker. Other troops closed in on the conspirators in the bushes, and the whole crew was arrested.

A government bulletin the next day apparently explained what had happened to the inside men. A number of armed men dressed in civilian clothes, it said, had been caught inside the base. When asked to surrender, the group "unfortunately decided to resist arrest, resulting in six casualties."

President Carlos Castillo Armas blamed the plot mostly on Arbenistas—diehard followers of pro-Communist ex-President Jacobo Arben, the victim of Castillo Armas' successful revolution last June. The ringleader, he said, was Colonel Francisco Cosenza, onetime Ambassador to Rome. Cosenza let lesser plotters launch the attack and, after satisfying himself that it had failed, scampered to asylum

* Sold by the U.S. not for the reported \$1 a plane but for \$5,500 apiece—still a bargain for planes that cost \$75,000 each to build.

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in the Salvadoran embassy. Grudge holders of other stripes also took part: Communists, rightists, disgruntled officers. The most surprising suspect was Colonel El-fego Monzón, who as army chief negotiated the peace with Castillo Armas after Arbenz stepped down. Monzón at first served on a governing junta with Castillo Armas, then drifted into the background, his loyalties unclear. His involvement in last week's dustup consisted mainly of his friendship with several of the plotters. Not quite willing to jail his old comrade Monzón on such a flimsy accusation, Castillo Armas neutralized him in quite another way: he sent officers, who hustled the colonel off by plane to be Ambassador to Argentina.

PANAMA

Toward a Trial

Panama's Guardia Nacional energetically gathered evidence last week for the forthcoming state trial of impeached President José Ramón Guizado, accused of having conspired in the Jan. 2 assassination of President José Antonio ("Chichi") Remón that raised Guizado from the vice-presidency to his brief 13 days of power. In sparkling Panama Bay, divers searched for the jettisoned murder gun under the direction of the confessed killer himself, hot-eyed Lawyer Rubén Miró, 43.

Amid all the hustle, some Panamanians wondered about Miró's confession that he machine-gunned Remón with Guizado's knowledge so that Guizado could appoint Miró to a high and profitable job. Was that the whole story? Did it somehow seem too simple? Two New York City detectives, who were lent to Panama and helped get Miró's confession, pointedly stayed on for further investigation.

Guizado's lawyers attempted to get his trial transferred to the Supreme Court, rather than the pro-Remón National Assembly, which has the constitutional authority to try accused Presidents. They argued that the alleged crime took place when Guizado was still Vice President; the Supreme Court, ruling that the accusation against Guizado was made while he was President, rejected jurisdiction. The Assembly named a five-man committee to gather evidence and prepare an arraignment. (Miró will be tried in the courts.)

The orderly work of the cops and courts unquestionably relieved the tensions that had built up during the most tragic fortnight in Panama's history. Cecilia Remón, Chichi's widow, took to the radio to ask the people to give the government of new President Ricardo (Dickie) Arias wholehearted cooperation. He in turn promised to carry on Remón's policies. The first public laugh of the troubled new year was provided by haughty ex-President Arnulfo Arias (no kin to Dickie), who as Remón's ancient enemy was jailed after the killing but freed upon Miró's confession. Arnulfo had been confined, he complained, in a cell reserved for "official prostitutes." Said he, "I didn't have the energy to clear up just what was meant by 'official.'"

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CINEMACTRESSES FLEMING, PAMPANINI, PAPPAS & CALVET
Competing at a banquet.

International

Names make news. Last week these names made this news:

Italian movie reporters, holding their annual banquet for film luminaries in Rome's Grand Hotel, succeeded in plunging some of the glamorous guests, cinemactresses from many nations, into a pleasantly informal rivalry over the matter of whose neckline plunged deepest. Among the exhibits: the U.S.'s busty **Rhonda Fleming**, Italy's chesty **Silvana Pampanini**, Greece's buxom **Irene Pappas** and France's bosomy **Corinne Calvet**.

In the Capitol, identical resolutions were introduced in the House and Senate to authorize the White House to confer on five-star **General of the Army Douglas MacArthur**, 75 this week, the six-star honorary title of "General of the Armies of the United States." Only American so honored previously: **John J. ("Black Jack") Pershing**, commander of the American Expeditionary Forces in World War I.*

With nothing to lose, throneless, jobless ex-King **Peter** of Yugoslavia told some London newsmen that his ex-realm's **Marshal Tito** will be tossed out of power by 1975 (when Tito will be an outstate 84). Said Peter, who is planning to make a U.S. lecture tour this fall: "He is having quite a lot of trouble now with his own boys (TIME, Jan. 3). I don't think anybody likes him very much. Since Stalin's death we have seen him going back toward Moscow."

Returning to Rio de Janeiro after inaugurating a big power project, Brazil's witty President **Café Filho** (TIME, Dec. 6) stopped off for a look at a cocoa plantation and suddenly found himself hot-footing it across a field just a few horn's-breadths ahead of a bull that had escaped from a pen. No matador, Café Filho, with aides puffing along in his wake, was the first to make it to the safety of a nearby

hut. The runner-up was his military adviser, **General Juarez Távora**. After the snorting bull was lassoed, **Sprinter Café Filho**, still gasping for breath, grinned: "I defended myself heroically, but I ran like a damned man!"

When Spain's Civil War was waning in 1938, famed Spanish Cellist **Pablo Casals** moved just across the Pyrenees into France, vowed that he would not return to his homeland so long as it remained in the grip of **Generalissimo Francisco Franco**. But last week aged (78) Musician Casals sadly broke his self-exile, went back to his birthplace, the little Spanish village of Vendrell. After he had buried his longtime friend and housekeeper, Francisca Capdevila, in Vendrell's tiny cemetery, lonely Pablo Casals once again turned his back on his homeland, again crossed the mountains.

One of Washington's staunchest bachelors, new House Speaker **Sam Rayburn**, 63, made a date with his youngest sister, **Lucinda Rayburn**, gallantly helped her



SPEAKER RAYBURN & SISTER
Wrapped for a dinner.

Associated Press

into a fur wrap before they headed for the White House, where Texas-Democrat Rayburn was the President's dinner guest of honor.

Ill-matched fellow travelers of the week: unflaggingly anti-Communist Publisher **William Randolph Hearst Jr.** and Soviet Ambassador to the U.S. **Georgy N. Zarubin**, both bound for Moscow. The two flew on a Pan American World Airways plane from New York to Paris, then proceeded separately after each indignantly denied that he knew the other was to be a flight buddy at take-off time.

In his Washington home, Wisconsin's unsmiling Senator **Joseph McCarthy**, pointedly omitted from the guest lists of two White House dinners last week (see NATIONAL AFFAIRS), happily dawdled with a new toy: a fancy electric organ which his handsome wife **Jean** gave him for Christmas. After a few lessons, he had already learned how to pick out one tune. The song: *Old Black Joe*.

The Chicago *Tribune's* ebullient publisher, **Colonel Robert R. ("Bertie") McCormick**, 74, left his annual hibernation in Florida with pains in his nether regions, was reported out of the hospital and doing fine in Chicago after surgery for abdominal adhesions.

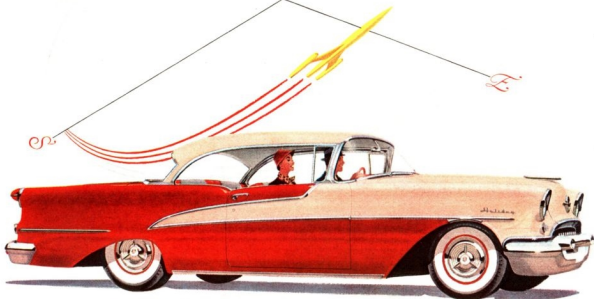
Lawyer **Franklin D. Roosevelt Jr.**, thumbed down by voters in his run for Attorney General of New York last November, popped up in Miami, summoned newsmen to his \$175-a-day hotel suite and announced a grand business venture. As board chairman of Base Metals Mining Corp., Ltd., Roosevelt was on his way to Jamaica, where he claims his company has sewed up oil rights on the whole island, and will soon hopefully drill his first well.

Cinematicor **Sonny Tufts**, accused last year of biting a Hollywood dancer in the thigh (she later dropped her \$25,000 suit against him), shelled out \$600 to settle a brand-new \$26,000 claim against him. Pertinent details: another Hollywood dancer, another thigh, same teeth.

* Early in 1799, Congress, intending to promote Lieut. General George Washington, created the General of the Armies rank, but he died nine months later, not upgraded. Congress has since neglected to promote him posthumously.

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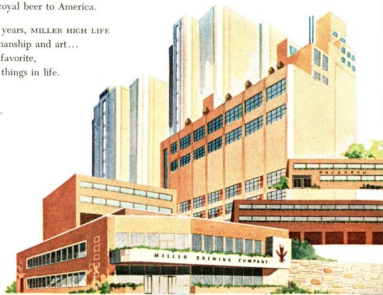
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RELIGION

Words & Works

☛ Birth control is God's will in many instances, said Dean James A. Pike of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine to a Planned Parenthood group in Manhattan. "There is nothing more 'artificial' in this approach," according to Episcopalian Pike, "than there is in the adaptation of natural processes toward good ends in many other realms of life. Parents, in sharing God's creative process, must think through the responsibility of having children in the light of all the factors operating in their particular situation from time to time . . . If they decide they should not be having [a child], then they have a positive duty to use the most effective means possible to effectuate this intent, and at the same time to continue that relationship which is the sacrament of unity between the spouses . . ."

☛ A \$400,000 Protestant Radio and TV Center was formally dedicated at Atlanta, Ga. to "its task of carrying the word of Christianity to the world." Owned jointly by the Methodist, Presbyterian (Northern and Southern), United Lutheran and Episcopal Churches, and by Emory University, Agnes Scott College and Columbia Theological Seminary, the center will send religious radio programs to several hundred stations in the U.S. as well as the Armed Forces Radio Network.

☛ Southern Presbyterians (736,886 members), known officially as the Presbyterian Church in the U.S., defeated a long-projected merger with the Northern Presbyterians, known officially as the Presbyterian Church in the U.S.A. (2,492,504), and the United Presbyterian Church of North America (228,718). Merger prospects, church leaders now feel, are hopeless for "at least" several years.

Children & God

Although the English generally do not consider it quite polite to talk about God in public, all Britain seemed to look forward to this particular debate. In one corner, wearing a thin-lipped smile and a keen twinkle, was Mrs. Margaret Knight, 51, the atheist psychologist who had stirred up press and public the week before by urging parents in a radio talk not to tell their children a lot of fairytales about religion and God (TIME, Jan. 24). Opposing her before a BBC microphone was motherly Mrs. Jenny Morton, 52, onetime Church of Scotland missionary in India, and a clergyman's wife. The battle turned out to be so polite that the rattle of teacups was almost audible, but amid the "That's-rights" and "I-quite-agrees," emerged a sharp, well-stated difference on the upbringing of children.

Said Psychologist Knight: "To the humanist, moral behavior is primarily kind, disinterested, self-transcending . . . whereas to the Christian, moral behavior is behavior in accordance with God's will. Of course, in nine cases out of ten, it comes to the same thing in practice, but

the sanctions are different. And I must say the humanist sanctions seem to me much better, much more reasonable, and much easier to put across to children. If we tell a child that he mustn't knock smaller children about, that he wouldn't like it if others did it to him . . . well, that is something he can understand. But talk about the loving purposes of God is a bit beyond him. And, of course, you're sowing the seeds of all these frightful intellectual problems later on, when the child gets older and begins to think for himself, and he is confronted by all the

thoughtful, more helpful, more honest and all the rest. And then he found he was jolly well pleased with his progress. And he thought: 'Good heavens, I am becoming a prig! I must learn humility.' So he concentrated on humility for a week, and at the end of it he gave himself 18 out of 20 for humility . . . I think that if the only standards are human ones, in man himself, self-righteousness is almost inevitable."

Humanist Barrenness. As the debate wound up, the British press continued to argue about the BBC's propriety in airing Psychologist Knight's anti-religious opinions. "The attacks on Mrs. Knight do Christians little credit," editorialized the



DEBATORS KNIGHT & MORTON ON BBC BROADCAST
Not being religious is no longer clever.

United Press

evidence which suggests that God's purposes are anything but loving."

Moralist Self-Righteousness. Replied Mrs. Morton: "Well, I couldn't disagree more. My experience is that . . . what people like and don't like bewilders small children . . . Whereas in the Christian home you're appealing from the central relationship of the child's life—his relationship with his parents—to a similar relationship, God the Father. The child can grasp the idea that God's family includes all people everywhere, and that therefore we must behave to them as to members of our own family. It does seem to me that this understanding can grow with his growing experience of life, and though . . . there may be some difficulties, I feel this is not an understanding which will be outgrown with manhood."

"But I do think the central difficulty of [humanist] moral teaching is its danger of self-righteousness. You know the story of the man who set out to correct his moral slackness. He watched himself for a month, and honestly tried to be more

conservative weekly *Spectator*. "It is not Christians, but her fellow scientific humanists, assuming that there are any, who have reason to be distressed by her broadcasts. They can hardly relish having the utter barrenness of their beliefs formulated and widely publicized . . . The BBC deserves congratulations for these broadcasts. The churches must press for as many more of them as possible. No longer will there be any excuse for thinking that there is something in itself clever about not being religious, or that religious people are any more credulous than so-called unbelievers. Mrs. Knight ought to be promoted to television . . ."

Heretic

The mathematics class was over, and the haggard, pale instructor gathered up his papers. One of the boys approached him and asked for the foreign stamp on a letter that lay on the desk. As the teacher started to oblige, the boy had an afterthought: "Please, would you give me the whole envelope with your name on



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EX-PRIEST DUBOIS

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CARDINAL SALIEGE

it? It will be worth lots of money some day."

Even in children's minds, Henri Dubois, 37, mathematics teacher at the Technical College for Boys in the French city of Albi, is a famous man. All through the French Pyrenees his name can start bitter argument: he is an unfrocked Roman Catholic priest, excommunicated for heresy. No religious affair for a long time has stirred up Frenchmen as much as the case of Henri Dubois.

"I Am Deeply Shocked." Almost five years ago, when Father Dubois first came to his new parish—a group of seven mountain villages 59 miles from Toulouse—his flock hardly knew what to make of the energetic priest. Sometimes he seemed to talk darkly of dogma, hinting that the Scriptures, not the church, was the only place where one should look for truth. He talked about the goodness of God, never His wrath. "Why," he asked in one sermon, "should we attribute to God the capital sin of Anger?" He complained that there were too many flowers in the church: "When you smother the altar in flowers you take away from its original beauty." He even objected to feast-day processions. "I am deeply shocked," he wrote his superiors, "by the neopaganism of the masses."

Father Dubois did not believe in collections, either, never pleaded for money to buy a new altar cloth or fix the roof, and packed his eight Sunday services with fiery sermons. As time went on, the peasants began to like their abbé. Watching him striding up the mountain trails, Bible in hand, the wind whipping his cassock about his knees, many thought he looked inspired.

"I Reject." When the Roman Catholic Church proclaimed the dogma of the Assumption of the Virgin Mary in 1950, Abbé Dubois declared he could not accept it. "I believe about the Virgin Mary everything that is contained about her in the Gospel and I reject all that is apocryphal," he told his parishioners. "I believe more in the efficacy of the example of her faith than in the legends of the Middle Ages."

Word of this heresy reached 84-year-old Cardinal Saliege, Archbishop of Tou-

louse. The cardinal decided to give Father Dubois time to reconsider, but Dubois held to his views, and wrote a 75-page treatise attacking priestly celibacy. One Sunday last fall, Abbé Dubois mounted the pulpit of his church. His hands trembled as he read a letter from the cardinal announcing his own excommunication, depriving him of "passive and active administration of the sacraments."

After the service, friendly peasants surrounded grim-faced Father Dubois. "We are with you," they promised. "We have never had a priest as wonderful as you." A delegation from the villages went to Cardinal Saliege. Dubois pledged himself to preach the dogma he had already denied, because he said he found "nothing opposed" to it in the Bible. Cardinal Saliege did not change his mind. Henri Dubois took off his cassock, donned slacks and blue corduroy coat, and joined the French Reformed Protestant Church in Toulouse.

"He Will Suffer." Last week, in the villages and towns of the Pyrenees a pamphlet by Dubois was passing rapidly and secretly from hand to hand. Titled simply *Excommunication*, it presents the heretic's side of the story. Sample quote: "To leave the Roman Church is not to put one's faith in another institution but rather to put one's faith in no institution whatever. It is to renounce belief in a church the way one believes in God, and to renounce this definitely." In his drab boarding-house in Albi,² he gets about 25 letters a day; he has been forced to buy a rubber stamp to acknowledge them.

Some of Dubois' most devoted supporters still pleaded for him with Cardinal Saliege. Last week came word from the cardinal's office. "It's a sad case," said the Rev. Marius Garail, canon of the Toulouse archbishopric. "The boy is to be pitied, for I am afraid he will suffer very much. The ecclesiastical authorities were very lenient and waited as long as they could, but there was no other possible action for them to take."

² Center of the Albigenes, 12th-13th century heretics who revolted against the relaxed morals and corrupt practices of the church, adopted a strict, otherworldly practice of Christianity, and were virtually exterminated by the church.



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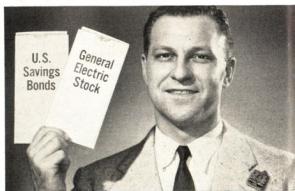
Today one adult American in sixteen directly owns stock, and one in thirty-one owns some part of the company he works for.

This is good, but broader ownership is vital. Not only because U.S. industry will need \$420 billions in new capital for expansion and replacement in the next ten years, but because wider ownership will give more people an understanding of our competitive economy, and a further share in its success.

In 1943, General Electric started its Employee Savings and Stock Bonus Plan. Under it, an employee may buy U.S. Savings Bonds through payroll deductions. If the Bonds are held for a specified five-year period, the company gives the employee General Electric stock equivalent to 15% of the purchase price of his Bonds.

By the end of 1955, 40,000 employees will have become new owners; 87,000 are now actively participating in the Plan. If industry is to continue to produce new jobs and products, broader share ownership is important. As we see it, plans that encourage it are a good example of progress in the American way.

← Six out of every fifteen G-E employees are already participating in the Savings and Stock Bonus Plan.



New employee-share owner, Milton Danko, holds four \$100 Bonds bought in 1949, and three G-E shares he receives as a bonus this year. For a copy of our Share Owners Quarterly on broadening share ownership, write Dept. C-2-123, Schenectady, N. Y.

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MEDICINE

Facts About Fat

Although most doctors concede that excess fat is a factor in many illnesses, they disagree about its causes, relative danger, and effective control among 34 million overweight Americans. At Iowa State College last week, top U.S. obesity experts gathered to exchange the latest news about fat. Among the reports:

¶ Being overweight isn't so much of a health problem as most people think, said Dr. Ancel Keys, of the University of Minnesota. Insurance company statistics linking excessively high heart-disease fatalities to overweight do not mean that every chubby person must reduce, since fat and overweight are not always related, e.g., muscle-heavy football players are generally overweight, but rarely need to diet. Reliance on simple body-weight control can easily miss the real problem: dealing with the so-called degenerative diseases, e.g., heart and artery ailments.

¶ Despite all the current emphasis on dieting, reported Harvard's Dr. Jean Mayer, doctors have had little practical success so far in developing sound reducing diets—mostly because they explain obesity simply as the result of "overeating" and let it go at that. Moreover, the value of regular exercise is ignored, due to a popular misconception that physical activity leads only to more eating, more calories. Required before doctors can accurately diagnose and prescribe: a system of recognizing various types of obesity, precise accounts of obesity patients' family history, exact data on the body's normal food intake (some people's systems require more and different foods than others).

¶ When should weight be brought under some kind of control? Dr. Ercel Eppright, Iowa State's top nutritionist, suggested that weight control should begin during childhood. Thanks to TV and the automobile, children are getting less exercise, spending playtime indoors gobbling high-calorie snacks and soda pop.

¶ Overweight is spreading more rapidly among white men and less rapidly among white women, reported the U.S. Public Health Service's Dr. James Hundley. Since 1912, the average white man's weight has gone up five lbs.; white women have actually lost the same amount, evidently doing their best to keep up with fashion designers.

Chain of Strain?

Doctors have long recognized a medical fact behind the saying that "people make themselves ill" through strain or worry. But it was only in recent years that anyone advanced a coherent theory of why this occurs; applying his "general adaptation syndrome" theory (TIME, Oct. 9, 1950), Montreal's Dr. Hans Selye minutely described how body tissues, adapted to normal stresses, sometimes suffer severe damage because of fatigue, worry or even bad eating habits. Still unanswered was the question of just how in-

dividual body cells act under stress. This blind spot stymied the search for remedies.

Last week two University of Utah scientists, Chemist Henry Eyring and Anatomist Thomas F. Dougherty, produced a radical answer.

Their theory: stress sets off a destructive chain reaction among the body cells, with histamine acting as the destructive agent. Each cell is in a membrane envelope, and as long as the membrane is relatively impermeable, the cell functions normally. Under stress, however, the membrane starts to deteriorate. Histamine, which is normally present in a cell but behaves only so long as the cell is healthy, is violently released and stimulated by the cell breakdown. It attacks the disintegrating cell, which swells and

Dr. Superman?

Medicine has made spectacular strides in the 20th century, but people may be too impressed with its wonders. Said John L. Bach, A.M.A. press chief, speaking before a gathering of doctors in Hattiesburg, Miss.: "The word 'science' now carries some of the connotations of magic in the nonscientific man's vocabulary. So much has been written on what's new in medical science and what science reveals that it is [hard] for the man in the street to understand where science leaves off and science fiction begins."

As a result, said Bach, the patient often reveres his doctor "who is the only real live scientist he knows [as] a dispenser of wonder drugs and a performer of life-saving operations." Worse, many a doctor is playing along with the myth: "He thinks that in order to keep his patient's



John Gerdt

SCIENTISTS DOUGHERTY & EYRING

From a torn envelope, a wave of destruction.

bursts, liberating still more histamine to attack neighboring cells. Over long periods of stress, the spreading destruction can lead to serious illness, e.g., if the cell destruction is near the heart, scar tissue will form, eventually causing heart disease. Moreover, the Utah scientists believe, the chain reaction may be a universal killer, present in every fatal illness, including cancer.

Present anti-histamine drugs have only a temporary effect against the cell-weakening histamine. Eyring and Dougherty's hope for a cure: a "ground substance" (gelatinous matter surrounding blood capillaries and body cells) that the body uses to block less severe histamine assaults. A stronger, man-made drug like it, they hope, may stop the chain reaction, localize cell damage and bring stress-burdened modern man longer life.

Sure that their sweeping theory will be widely doubted and attacked by colleagues, but equally sure that they are right, Scientists Eyring and Dougherty are already planning the next step: developing the new drug.

confidence, he must live up to a superhuman role, and build the illusion that medicine is an exact science and doctors are infallible." Bach's advice to such medicos: "Take on the classic humility of the old country doctor who often said: 'I have done all I can; we must leave the rest to God.'"

Short Circuit

Five years ago, Crane Operator Henry Ciesla was stricken with amyotrophic lateral sclerosis, an incurable chronic neurological disease. Paralyzed from the throat down, he was placed in an iron lung at Buffalo's Meyer Memorial Hospital; he was not expected to live more than a year. But Ciesla refused to die. With permanent breathing and feeding tubes in his throat and stomach, he stayed cheerful, watched TV via an overhead mirror. Last week a wall-panel fuse in the hospital blew out, stopped the life-preserving iron lung. Alone in his private room, Henry Ciesla died, on his forty-fourth birthday, unable because of his paralysis to cry out for aid.

In Chicago, He Pours Your Coffee...



Chicago's two showplace restaurants are unique in more ways than one. The turbaned coffee boy is synonymous with the fabulous Pump Room of flaming sword fame...and in the College Inn Porterhouse, his counterpart is a full-blooded American Indian chief.

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The Final Bell

He was the middleweight champion of the world, the best fighter, pound for pound, in the modern prize ring. And he was smart enough to see what was happening that summer night in 1951 when Britain's Randy Turpin swarmed all over him to take a clear-cut, 15-round decision. Sugar Ray Robinson's old wicked grace and his panther's skill were just a fraction off, and the snap was fading from his punch. But the beaten champ was too proud to retire. Sugar Ray went home to Harlem and worked hard to get in shape for another crack at Turpin.

That September, in the Polo Grounds, he tried again. By the tenth round he was tiring fast. Then, for a few wild seconds, stung by an ugly gash over his left eye, he turned once again into the lithe, sure-punching champ. He won by a T.K.O. Afterwards, even Sugar Ray admitted that it might be a good idea to quit while he was ahead.

But there was one more title he wanted before he retired. In June 1952, just a year after Randy Turpin taught him how old he really was, 32-year-old Middleweight Robinson climbed into the sweltering ring at Yankee Stadium to take on Joey Maxim for the light-heavyweight title. In the old days he could have laid Maxim out, but he skipped and danced for twelve rounds, flicked punches and piled up points. Joey, no more than a journeyman champ, shrugged off the blows, shuffled forward for the 13th round, and watched Sugar Ray collapse from the heat. That winter, when he cooled off, Sugar Ray retired.

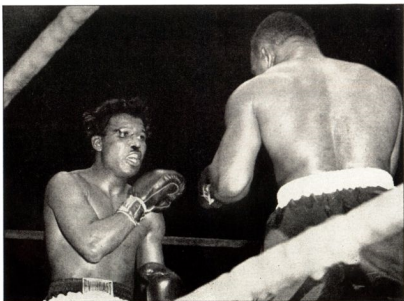
For a couple of years he worked as a second-rate song-and-dance man, a little

too far from the big crowds and the big money to be really happy. Last summer, in a Paris church, Sugar Ray remembers: "It suddenly hit me—a strange desire to fight again. It just conquered me. I figure it was God's will." Early this month, Sugar Ray took down his gloves and tried them out against a bumbling pug named Joe Rindone. He won by a knockout, but the fight proved little. Last week in Chicago, Sugar Ray squared off again—against a battered trial horse named Tiger Jones. Sugar Ray never looked worse. He slithered along the ropes, hung on, watching desperately with rolling eyes as the clock ticked off the rounds. Across the country, television fans squirmed to see the former champ chopped down.

After the predictable decision, a thoroughly beaten Sugar Ray still refused to quit. One of the finest fighters of all time was suffering from an occupational hazard: deafness to that final bell. "I know one thing," said Sugar Ray stubbornly. "I'm not through, and I'll fight again."

Woman on the Move

Most of the working women in London's Windmill Theater spend an extraordinary amount of time standing stock still. They have to. The Windmill is a burlesque house, and, by order of the Lord Chamberlain, nudes on the move are licentious; "living statues" are art. Among the Windmill's ladies, plump, brown-eyed Sheila Van Damm is a well-dressed exception. As the manager's daughter and part-time assistant, she is fully clothed during working hours, and even off duty she rarely stands still. Europe's champion woman motorist, Sheila spends every spare minute zipping across the countryside at the wheel of her sports car.



ROBINSON LOSING TO JONES
He figured it was God's will.

International



DRIVER VAN DAMM
In below-zero cold, flowers.

Ed Quinn

Last week, with a team from Britain's Rootes Motors, Sheila was in Munich, busily giving her Sunbeam sedan a last-minute going-over to get it ready for the grueling, 2,000-mile Monte Carlo Rally.* With her were 43 other teams from six countries, driving cars from 17 different factories. Fanned out across Europe—in Glasgow, Monte Carlo, Lisbon, Athens, Oslo, Palermo, Stockholm—nearly 300 other teams waited for the starter's flag.

Some started from Monte Carlo itself, wound north across France, and then back to the finish line. Once under way, if men and machines held up, they would wind steadily through the unusually harsh winter, push on for three days and three nights across the Massif Central and the Alpes-Maritimes toward Monte Carlo.

Snow-Happy Start. For Sheila, things started smoothly. Down the *autobahn* through Frankfurt and past Cologne, the icy concrete was well sanded, no challenge for veteran drivers and all-weather tires. Then, as the route swerved through the traffic-clogged heart of the Ruhr, a blinding snowstorm covered the road with an eight-inch blanket of snow in a single hour. On the worst stretch, co-drivers had to run ahead to guide their partners through a maze of stalled and jackknifed trailer trucks.

Others found the going even worse. Two French teams, starting from Palermo, ran smack into an avalanche that piled six-foot snow drifts on the narrow Alpine roads. Drivers starting from Oslo and Stockholm shuddered through below-zero cold; inch-thick ice formed on windshields. British drivers leaving Glasgow fought snow, fog and black ice on roads

that slowed them down so much that an unhappy few missed the boat from Dover to Boulogne.

Happy Birthday. As snow sifted down and rain froze into sleet, no driver seemed to enjoy the cross-country competition more than Sheila. Just as she left Munich, word was passed that it was her 33rd birthday, and for the next two days Rally officials celebrated. At the Hamburg control point, Germans rose to a man and broke into a guttural version of "Happy Birthday to You." On the Dutch border, smiling customs guards waved her steel-grey Sunbeam across the frontier. All along the way well-wishers gave her flowers, which she tossed into the rear seat where one of her co-drivers, Mrs. Anne Hall, was trying to sleep. "If we have an accident, you'll look good in all those flowers," said Sheila.

Bone-weary from only six hours' sleep in three days, but having lost precious few points along the way, Sheila pulled into Monte Carlo along with 270 other finishers. There, after the long haul across Europe, the leaders put their cars through another ordeal: an exacting series of starts and stops, parking and braking tests, on the devilish *Col de Braus*, a steep circuit that climbs through the mountains behind Monte Carlo.

After the complicated scoring was all worked out, winner in the "General Classification" was the veteran Norwegian team of Per Malling and Gunnar Fadum who drove a Sunbeam south from Oslo. Winner of the *Coupe des Dames* (women's division), for the first time in four tries, was Sheila Van Damm. Said she: "I got hot and tired—it was the toughest rally I have ever done and I thoroughly enjoyed every minute of it."

Racers in the Sun

In Buenos Aires last week, competitors in the Argentine Grand Prix took part in one of the hottest motor races on record. As the temperature soared to 104° in the shade, drivers wilted like limp lettuce, and some dropped out to recuperate from heat exhaustion every few laps on the burning 2.4-mile track. Cars changed hands so often that a partisan crowd, rooting for Argentine favorite José Froilán González in his Italian Ferrari, often found itself cheering his teammates, France's Maurice Trintignant or Italy's Giuseppe Farina.

British Champion Stirling Moss, driving a Mercedes-Benz, stopped to tinker with his fuel pump, was promptly grabbed by a couple of athletic male nurses, shoved onto a stretcher and carted off to an ambulance. "I'm O.K.," Moss protested. "Be quiet, boy," said his Spanish-speaking nurse, who could not understand him. Moss got a quick cooling-off with ice packs before he finally escaped back to his car.

Winner was durable World Champion Juan Manuel Fangio, who managed to remember protocol, staggered from his Mercedes to the microphone and dedicated his victory to President Perón. "Here is the best present I will ever make you," said the President as he handed the drooping driver a Coca-Cola.

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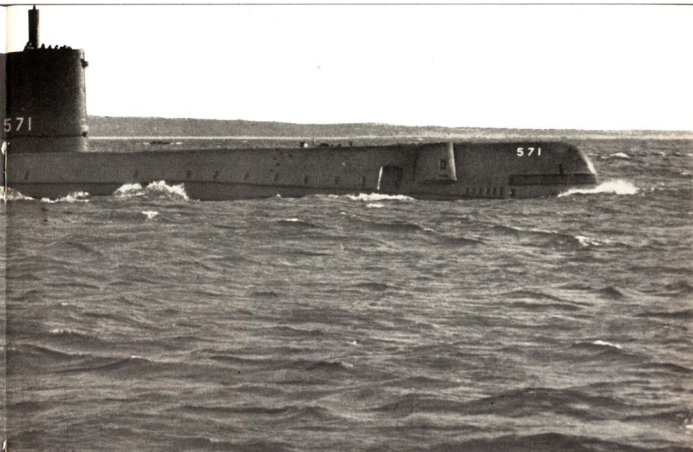
FIRST ATOM SU

Atomic Engine Drives Revolut

The Nautilus, the U. S. Navy's first atomic submarine, has gone to sea. She is driven by an atomic engine—built by Westinghouse for the Government—that runs on uranium instead of conventional fuel. It will enable the Nautilus to cruise all the way around the world without refueling or even resurfacing, at speeds in excess of 20 knots while submerged. Such performance forecasts the great usefulness of

atomic power for peacetime uses—to drive ships, planes and electrical generating plants.

The United States now has two reactor plants successfully producing atomic power in substantial amounts. One is in the Nautilus. The other is at the National Reactor Testing Station, Idaho. **Both plants were built for the Government by Westinghouse.**



B GOES TO SEA

ionary Submarine "Nautilus"

WESTINGHOUSE IN ATOMIC POWER

FIRST atomic engine to drive submarine went to sea January 17, 1955.

FIRST atomic reactor for full-scale peacetime electrical generating power plant in the U.S. is now being built for the Government by Westinghouse; to be operated by Duquesne Light Company, Pittsburgh, Pa.

FIRST contract to develop atomic engine

for large surface ship . . . October 15, 1954.

FIRST substantial quantities of controlled atomic power produced at the Government's National Reactor Testing Station, Idaho . . . May 31, 1953.

YOU CAN BE SURE.. IF IT'S
Westinghouse

CINEMA

The Girl in White Gloves

(See Cover)

Almost every morning, a slim figure in a polo coat, leading a small black poodle on a leash, emerges from one of Manhattan's cliff houses on East 66th Street. The doorman gives her a cheery "Good Morning, Miss Kelly." But outside, no head turns. For in her low-heeled shoes and horn-rimmed spectacles, Actress Grace Kelly is all but indistinguishable from any other well-scrubbed young woman of the station-wagon set, armored in good manners, a cool expression, and the secure knowledge that whatever happens, Daddy can pay.

A few blocks away, Grace Kelly's name is emblazoned on two first-run Broadway

run of smoky film sirens and bumptious cuties. Said one Hollywood observer: "Most of these dames just suggest Kinsey statistics. But if a guy in a movie theater starts mooning about Grace, there could be nothing squalid about it; his wife would have to be made to understand that it was something fine—and bigger than all of them. Her peculiar talent, you might say, is that she inspires licit passion."

From the day in 1951 when she walked into Director Fred Zinnemann's office wearing prim white gloves ("Nobody came to see me before wearing white gloves"), the well-bred Miss Grace Kelly of Philadelphia has baffled Hollywood. She is a rich girl who has struck it rich. She was not discovered behind a soda

learned to view with a jaundiced eye the pretty young newcomers assigned to play opposite them. Grace, as usual, was different. Says Holden, one of Hollywood's ablest pros: "With some actresses, you have to keep snapping them to attention like a puppy. Grace is always concentrating. In fact, she sometimes keeps me on the track." Says Jimmy Stewart: "She's easy to play to. You can see her thinking the way she's supposed to think in the role. You know she's listening, and not just for cues. Some actresses don't think and don't listen. You can tell they're just counting the words."

Outside the studio, Grace continued to disregard the Hollywood rules. She was friendly, but she refused to court the important columnists. Interviewers who tried to get her to open up came away swearing that they would rather tackle a train window any time. One producer grumbled that she had "stainless steel insides." She flatly refused to divulge even the standard data (bust, waist, hips). One columnist asked routinely whether she wore nightgowns. "I think it's nobody's business what I wear to bed," she said coolly. "A person has to keep something to herself, or your life is just a layout in a magazine."

In the end, publicists had to content themselves with tagging Miss Kelly as "a Main Line debutante." She is neither Main Line nor a debutante, but she is the next thing to both.

The Beautiful People. In Philadelphia, the Kellys are about as conspicuous as the 30th Street Station, which, like many of the city's major structures, bears the credit: Brickwork by Kelly. Handsome, athletic John B. Kelly, Grace's father, the son of a farm boy from County Mayo, began business life as a bricklayer. Eventually he parlayed a borrowed \$7,000 into the nation's biggest brickwork construction company. One of his brothers was George Kelly, Pulitzer Prize-winning playwright (*Craig's Wife*); another was Walter Kelly, the famed "Virginia Judge" of the vaudeville circuits.

All the Kellys, says a friend, are "beautiful, physical people." Father Jack was a champion sculler; Grace's mother (who is of German descent) was a model, later the first woman physical education instructor at the University of Pennsylvania. Father Jack, who still takes his athletics seriously, went to England in 1920 to compete at Henley. But the Henley committee ruled that he could not compete because he had once "worked with his hands" and was therefore not a "gentleman." He went on to the Olympics, where he soundly thrashed the Henley winner, and triumphantly sent his sweaty green rowing cap to King George V of England with his compliments. The moment his son John B. Jr. ("Kell") was born in 1927, Jack resolved that he would win at Henley; he began training the boy personally at the age of seven. In 1947 Kell righted an old wrong done his family by going to Henley in the colors of the University of Pennsylvania and scoring an impressive victory for Penn and Pop.



PEGGY, MRS. KELLY, GRACE AND LIZANNE AT OCEAN CITY
Whatever happens, Daddy can pay.

houses, and the same face, without spectacles, makes husbands sigh and wives think enviously that they might look that way too, if only they could afford a really good hairdo. In Hollywood, producers fight over her, directors beg for her, writers compose special scripts for her. In an industry where the girls can be roughly divided into young beauties and aging actresses, Grace Kelly is something special: a young (25) beauty who can act.

A year ago, Grace Patricia Kelly was only a promising newcomer (generally thought to be English), who lost Clark Gable to Ava Gardner in *Mogambo*. Currently she is the acknowledged "hottest property" in Hollywood. In Manhattan this year, the New York Film Critics pronounced her acting in *The Country Girl* "the outstanding performance of 1954."

Can't Touch Her. Grace Kelly, with the lovely blonde hair, chiseled features, blue eyes and an accent that is obviously refined, is a startling change from the

fountain or at a drive-in. She is a star who was never a starlet, who never worked up from B pictures, never posed for cheesecake, was never elected, with a press agent's help, Miss Antiaircraft Battery C. She did not gush or twitter or desperately pull wires for a chance to get in the movies. Twice she turned down good Hollywood contracts. When she finally signed on the line, she forced mighty M-G-M itself to grant her special terms. Beamed a New York friend: "Here, for the first time in history, is a babe that Hollywood can't get to. Can't touch her with money, can't touch her with big names. Only thing they can offer her is good parts."

Steel Insides. She has managed to get the parts. In the short space of 18 months she has been paired with six of Hollywood's biggest box office male stars—Clark Gable, Ray Milland, James Stewart, William Holden, Bing Crosby, Cary Grant. These seasoned veterans have



WITH BING CROSBY

Don't scribble until there is something to write.



... WILLIAM HOLDEN



Ed Clark—LIFE; Underwood & Underwood
... JAMES STEWART

Church & Athletics. Of the three Kelly daughters, Peggy was the oldest and a cut-up, Lizanne the youngest and an extrovert. Grace, the middle one, born Nov. 12, 1929, was shy, quiet, and for years snuffled with a chronic cold. The big, 15-room house in plain East Falls, across the Schuylkill River from the Main Line, was the meeting place for the whole neighborhood. "There was a lawn out back with swings and a sandbox, a tennis court and the usual things like that," says Grace. Summers, the Kelly family had a house on the Jersey shore at Ocean City. As regularly as she marched the children to St. Bridget's Roman Catholic Church every Sunday, Mrs. Kelly marched them off to the Penn Athletic Club for workouts. "There's a certain discipline in athletic work," says Mrs. Kelly. "That's why Grace can accustom herself to routine and responsibility." Sister Peg organized home theatricals. "Somebody else always got the lead," Grace recalls, without rancor. Even then remote and self-absorbed, Grace used to write poetry, some serious, some "little gooney ones" that showed a neat turn of phrase. Sample, written when she was 14:

*I hate to see the sun go down
And squeeze itself into the ground,
Since some warm night it might get stuck
And in the morning not get up.*

Little Grace went to the local Ravenhill convent school, then to Stevens School in Germantown. By the time she was eleven, she was appearing in a local amateur dramatic company. Turned down by Bennington (she flunked math), Grace got herself into the American Academy of Dramatic Arts in New York. From the first, her family was dubious about an acting career. "We'd hoped she would give it up," says her mother. Snorts Father Kelly: "Those movie people lead pretty shallow lives."

The "Clean" Way. But Grace knew what she wanted. To assure her independence, she got a job modeling, was soon

making \$40 a week posing for Ipana, beer ads, Old Golds. Photographer Ruzzie Green describes her as "what we call 'nice clean stuff' in our business. She's not a top model and never will be. She's the girl next door. No glamour, no oomph, no cheesecake. She has lovely shoulders but no chest. Grace is like Bergman in the 'clean' way. She can do that smush stuff in movies like—remember all those little kisses in *Rear Window*?—and get away with it." A friend remembers her at this period as "terribly sedate, always wore tweed suits and a hat-with-a-veil kind of thing. She had any number of sensible shoes, even some with those awful flaps on front."

She did TV commercials ("I was terrible—honestly, anyone watching me give the pitch for Old Golds would have switched to Camels"), doggedly made the rounds of summer stock (New Hope and Denver) and casting offices. "I've read for almost everything that's been cast. I even read for the ingenue part in *The Country Girl* on Broadway (left out in the movie). The producer told me I really wasn't the ingenue type, that I was too intelligent looking."

Then she read for the daughter's part in Strindberg's grim *The Father*, she got the part and won good notices, but the play lasted only two months. Grace went back to TV ("summer stock in an iron lung") to play in such varied offerings as *Studio One*, *Treasury Men in Action*, *Philco Playhouse* and *Lights Out*.

First Fan. Once before and once shortly after she left dramatic school, Grace turned down \$250-a-week movie contracts: "I didn't want to be just another starlet." Now Hollywood reached for her again but failed to get a firm grip. Director Henry Hathaway gave her a bit part as the lady negotiating a divorce across the street from the man on the ledge in *Fourteen Hours*. But she refused a contract; she did not feel ready yet. She did accept a one-shot offer from Producer Stanley Kramer for the part of



... CLARK GABLE



... RAY MILLAND



Larry Burrows—LIFE

"KELL" AND FATHER AT HENLEY
For George V, a sweaty green cap.

Gary Cooper's young wife in *High Noon*. *Fourteen Hours* produced her first fan, a high-school girl in Oregon who started a fan club and kept Grace posted on new members. Grace thought it a hilarious joke. "We've got a new girl in Washington," she would cry in triumph. "I think she's ours, sewed up." In *High Noon*, her finishing-school accent sat awkwardly amongst the western drawls, and her beauty made little impact. What was more, from *High Noon* determined Grace Kelly got her first real self-doubts about her planned progress. Says she: "With Gary Cooper, everything is so clear. You look into his face, and see everything he is thinking. I looked into my own face, and saw nothing. I knew what I was thinking, but it didn't show. For the first time, I suddenly thought, 'Perhaps I'm not going to be a great star, perhaps I'm not any good after all.'" Grace hustled back to New York to learn how to make it show.

The "Too" Category. She was still learning (with Sanford Meisner at the Neighborhood Playhouse) when 20th Century-Fox called her to test for a role in a film called *Taxi*. Dressed in an old skirt and a man's shirt on her way to class, "I walked into Gregory Ratoff's office, and he threw up his arms and screamed, 'She's perfect.' In all my life, no one has ever said, 'You are perfect.' People have been confused about my type, but they agreed on one thing: I was in the "too" category—too tall, too leggy, too chummy. And Ratoff kept yelling around, 'What I love about this girl, she's not pretty.'" But the producer did not like her, and another girl got the role.

Director John Ford saw the test, however, and wanted her for *Mogambo*. Even then, Grace did not come running. When

M-G-M offered her a seven-year contract starting at \$750 a week, she demanded a year off every two years for a play, and permission to go back to New York, instead of hanging around Hollywood, whenever she finished a picture. She was only 22, and all but unknown. But M-G-M agreed to her terms. Says Grace: "I wanted *Mogambo* for three things: John Ford, Clark Gable, and a free trip to Africa."

In Africa, Grace picked up a lot of film technique from Ford and developed a hero worship for Gable. Ford was soon predicting that she would be a star. For her performance as the cool English wife stirred to sudden and thwarted passion for White Hunter Gable, Grace won a "best supporting role" nomination for the Academy Award.

Restraint & Control. M-G-M still seemed uncertain about what to do with her. But Alfred Hitchcock, also impressed by the *Taxi* test, snapped her up for *Dial M for Murder*, then for *Rear Window*. Says Hitchcock: "From the *Taxi* test, you could see Grace's potential for restraint. I always tell actors don't use the face for nothing. Don't start scribbling over the sheet of paper until we have something to write. We may need it later. Grace has this control. It's a rare thing for a girl at such an age." Director George Seaton adds: "Grace doesn't throw everything at you in the first five seconds. Some girls give you everything they've got at once, and there it is—there is no more. But Grace is like a kaleidoscope: one twist, and you get a whole new facet."

Under Hitchcock's expert direction, Grace bloomed in *Rear Window*. As a sleek young career girl, she distilled a tingling essence of what Hitchcock has called "sexual elegance." She was learning

her trade. The way she walked, spoke and combed her hair had a sureness that gives moviegoers a comfortable feeling: she would never make them wince with some awkwardness of misplaced gaucheerie. Exhibitors, who know a good thing when they see the turnstiles click, began dropping Hitchcock and Stewart from their marquees and advertised simply: "Grace Kelly in *Rear Window*." In Hollywood, the stampee was on.

More Than Beautiful. When the stampee started, Grace was in a bathing suit dutifully splashing around a Japanese bathhouse as Navy Pilot Bill Holden's wife in *The Bridges at Toko-Ri* (a movie that does little for Grace except establish the fact that she has a better figure than normally meets the eye). At about the same time, Paramount's producer-director team of William Perlberg and George Seaton got word that Jennifer Jones, scheduled to play the title role in their next picture, *The Country Girl*, had become pregnant. They asked M-G-M to lend them Grace. This time M-G-M said no. Grace still gets angry when she thinks about it. She went to her agent, says Perlberg, and told him: "If I can't do this picture, I'll get on the train and never come back. I'll quit the picture business. I'll never make another film." Actress Kelly had her way. M-G-M lent her out to Paramount again, but this time jumped the price from the \$20,000 charged for *Toko-Ri* to \$50,000, and demanded that she give M-G-M an extra picture (her contract calls for only three a year).

The Country Girl was final proof that she is more than merely beautiful. The well-bred girl from Philadelphia is completely convincing as the slatternly, embittered wife of aging, alcoholic Matinee Idol Bing Crosby. She slouches around with her glowing hair gone dull, her glasses stuck on top of her head, her underlip sullen, resentment in the very sag of her shoulders and the dangle of her arms. She looks dreadful. Said Seaton: "You know that old cardigan sweater she wears? Well, a lot of actresses would say, 'Well, why don't we just put a few rhinestones here? I want to look dowdy, of course, but this woman has taste . . . and before you know it, she'd look like a million dollars. But not Grace. Grace wanted to be authentic.'"

Bing Crosby, a little nervous himself at undertaking so exacting a dramatic role, was dubious about his untied costar, and said so. But before the shooting was over, Crosby was telling Seaton, "Never let me open my big mouth again," and talking of taking Grace out dancing.

Bags Packed. Hollywood is now eager to adopt Actress Kelly, white gloves and all, and is trying hard, with the air of an ill-at-ease lumberjack worrying whether he is using the right spoon. But Grace shows no interest in the Hollywood way of life, or even in having the customary swimming pool ("I don't swim that much"). Thus far, she has lived with a sister or a girl friend in a furnished, two-room North Hollywood apartment, acting as if she considered herself on

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Here's a *new* kind of flooring. Flooring that thrives on tough wearing conditions... from the patter of little feet to the pounding of a press.

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location, with her bags packed ready to go back to New York.

Young men who are eager to brighten her after-hours life come away baffled. "If she doesn't think a joke is funny," one complained, "she doesn't laugh." Wolves are discouraged when Grace briskly pulls on her glasses (her lovely blue eyes are nearsighted) and assumes her Philadelphia expression. Some suspect that she is, as Oscar Wilde put it, "a sphinx without secrets." Publicity men despair of her. "A Grace Kelly anecdote?" said a friend. "I don't think Grace would allow an anecdote to happen to her."

A few of Hollywood's older, more sought-after men have concluded, from time to time, that they were just the boys destined to discover and unlock the real Grace. Each time, Grace has resisted unlocking, though whenever her



IPANA GIRL
Ruzzie Green

The trade calls it "nice clean stuff."

father reads in a column of a new "romantic attachment," the family gets alarmed. "I don't like that sort of thing much," snorts father Kelly. "I'd like to see Grace married. These people in Hollywood think marriage is like a game of musical chairs." When the gossips reported that Ray Milland was leaving his wife for Grace, mother Kelly hustled out to California to set things straight. Milland insists that he only took her to dinner once; Grace says nothing. Most recently Grace's escort has been Dress Designer Oleg Cassini, one-time husband of Gene Tierney and professional man-about-ladies. The Kellys deplore all such gossip-column romances. "I don't generally approve of these oddballs she goes out with," grumps brother Kelly, who is still national sculling champion and works for his father's company between workouts on the Schuylkill. "I wish she would go out with the more athletic type. But she doesn't listen to me anymore."

Some of Grace's admirers fear that

M-G-M may do to her what the studio did to Deborah Kerr—lash her down to “lady” roles and keep her there. Even after *The Country Girl*, the best M-G-M could think of was to assign Grace to *Green Fire* (which she did as her part of the bargain on *Country Girl*) and then offer her *Quentin Durward*. Grace, who sees the satin-lined trap as clearly as anyone, refused the *Durward* part after reading the script. “All the men can duel and fight, but all I’d do would be to wear 35 different costumes, look pretty and frightened. There are eight people chasing me: the old man, robbers, the head gypsy and *Durward*. The stage directions on every page of the script say: ‘She clutches her jewel box and flees.’ I just thought I’d be so bored. . . .”

Reluctant Scenery. While waiting for M-G-M to think again, Grace retired to her three-room apartment in a huge, modern building in Manhattan (masonry by Kell’y), where she lives alone with her poodle puppy Oliver. Her amusements range from photography (she develops her own negatives, sloshing around her bathroom in the dark) to word games. A favorite game is one devised by Alfred Hitchcock when he met Elizabeth Scott and got to wondering what would happen if other people dropped the first letter of their names: Rank Sinatra, Scar Hammerstein, Reer Garson, Orgie Raft, Ickey Rooney. Four times a week she puts her hair up into a pony tail, dons a leotard, and goes off to classes in modern dancing and ballet. Wandering near Broadway, she avoided the Broadway theater where M-G-M publicized *Green Fire* with a huge poster of a bosomy girl in sexy green drapery with Grace’s head but another girl’s body. “It makes me so mad,” says Grace. “And the dress isn’t even in the picture.”

Last week M-G-M’s Production Boss Dore Schary summoned Grace to Hollywood to propose a new picture—a western with Spencer Tracy scheduled to co-star. After two days’ of talk, Grace was still noncommittal; she would wait, she said coolly, until she had seen the completed script.

It is possible that Grace might yet win an Oscar for her *Country Girl* performance, and even M-G-M would have a hard time turning an Oscar-winning actress into a road-company Greer Garson. Furthermore, Actress Kelly is determined that that will not happen to her. Says she, setting her beautiful chin: “I don’t want to dress up a picture with just my face. If anybody starts using me as scenery, I’ll do something about it.” If all else fails, Grace could conceivably break her contract and return to television. Or she could try the stage, where acting talent counts for more, and the competition is tougher. She could always give up the whole thing for the role of wealthy young socialite. But if her studio mentors are wise, and if Grace is as young as she has so far proved to be, the young beauty from Philadelphia may yet become an authentic jewel in Hollywood’s tinsel crown.



80
PROOF



“No matter where you are—after dinner
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Scotch Whisky base

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RADIO & TELEVISION

Death of the Salesman?

Old-style commercial announcers, many of whom have spent 20 years selling a multitude of products over the air, may be on their way out. Elbowing them toward the discard is a new breed—most of them entertainers by profession—who have tied their commercial destinies to specific sponsors.

Perhaps seeing the handwriting on the wall, veteran Announcer Dick Stark, who has earned as much as \$150,000 a year selling Chesterfield cigarettes, Camay soap, Ammi-dent toothpaste and Remington electric shavers, is now hard at work studying architecture and will quit broadcasting entirely when he graduates. An-

as painless as possible for viewers: "In radio you could use a musical bridge between the entertainment and the message so that the commercials didn't seem so abrupt and jarring. But on TV, if you interrupt audience attention to plunge into a commercial, viewers get resentful." For this reason nearly all TV hosts and masters of ceremonies are supposed to ease the way into the sales message.

On *Lux Video Theater*, Host James Mason looks pained about it, but pluckily mentions Lux; Douglas Fairbanks Jr. and Adolphe Menjou smack their lips respectively over Rheingold and Schaefer beers; Jon Hall goes into ecstasies over Jay's potato chips; and Loretta Young apparently keeps a box of Tide on her

merstein II, Josh Logan or Walt Disney are guests on *Toast of the Town*, Sullivan sees to it that their wives get gift Lincolns. ("That gets a lot of caste-conscious people buying Lincolns.")

Four Different Hats. No old-style announcer, selling six or seven different products a week, can hope to equal Sullivan's devotion to one sponsor, and that is why they are losing out on the newcomers, who have but a single loyalty. Betty Furness travels from coast to coast for Westinghouse; the statuesque Roxanne, who does commercials for Sylvania, is a regular visitor at conventions and is always delighted to have her picture taken with the district's top salesman. Even Veteran Rex Marshall, who does commercials for four sponsors each week, is trying hard to adjust to the trend by wearing four different hats as the occasion requires. "When I do a show for *Camel News Caravan*, I'm a Camel man," he says stoutly. "And I feel the same way about the others (Reynolds aluminum, Dodge, Maxwell House) when I work for them." But what the sponsors increasingly crave is a man like Ed Sullivan, who has given blood in San Francisco, landed in a helicopter on Boston Common, and submerged in a Navy diver's suit, all for the glory of Lincoln-Mercury.

Shift at the Top

The No. 1 spot in the TV ratings was proving easier to get than to hold onto. This week, for the first time, the lead position was captured by one of NBC's high-priced spectacles: Max Liebman's *Babes in Toyland*, which went to the top with a Nielsen rating of 50.4. CBS's *I Love Lucy* grabbed second with 50.1, while Jackie Gleason (CBS), the former leader, dropped to third with 48.1. The rest of the Top Ten: 4) *Toast of the Town* (CBS), 45.5; 5) *Dragnet* (NBC), 44.1; 6) *Disneyland* (ABC), 42.4; 7) Milton Berle (NBC), 42.0; 8) Groucho Marx (NBC), 41.1; 9) Martha Raye (NBC), 40.4; 10) *Producers' Showcase: Dateline* (NBC), 40.3.

Program Preview

For the week starting Wednesday, Jan. 26, Times are E.S.T., subject to change.

TELEVISION

Adventure (Sun. 3:30 p.m., CBS). "Life in Tibet," with Justice William O. Douglas.

Wisdom Series (Sun. 5 p.m., NBC). With Photographer Edward Steichen.

Spectacular (Sun. 7:30 p.m., NBC). Jazz version of *Pinafore*, with Perry Como, Kitty Kallen, Herb Shriner.

Stage 7 (Sun. 9:30 p.m., CBS). Frank Lovejoy in *The Deceiving Eye*.

RADIO

Friday with Garroway (Fri. 8:30 p.m., NBC). Guest: Pianist Alec Templeton.

Boston Symphony (Sat. 8:30 p.m., NBC). Conducted by Pierre Monteux.

Hallmark Hall of Fame (Sun. 6:30 p.m., CBS). "The Escape of Winston Churchill."



ED SULLIVAN IN MERCURY
Blood for the glory of the sponsor.

Charles Kerlee

other high-income veteran, Ed Herlihy, had this month to make a tough decision: after eight years as announcer on NBC's *Kraft TV Theater*, Herlihy got the choice of signing an exclusive contract or leaving the show. He decided to stick with his other accounts (Colgate, Oldsmobile, French's mustard, Hoffman's beverages, Horn & Hardart).

Ease the Way. The new look in announcers is being supplied by such entertainers as Cinemactor William Lundigan (Chrysler), Singer Vaughn Monroe (RCA Victor), Ballet Dancer Dorothy Jarnac (Stoptette). Even where commercial announcers are kept on the job, entertainers are being hired to introduce them. On NBC's Oldsmobile Spectaculars, Actor Lee Bowman dresses up in evening clothes for the sole purpose of saying: "And now, ladies and gentlemen, here is Ed Herlihy with a message from our sponsor..."

Manhattan Adman Frank Egan explains that the new trend is simply an effort by sponsors to make commercials

grand piano. There are only a few hold-overs, notably Sid Caesar who sticks strictly to his funny business.

Wooden Expression. Most admen agree that the new look in announcers was started by Ed Sullivan of *Toast of the Town*. Despite his wooden expression and lack of announcer's glibness, Sullivan does the sort of job that makes any sponsor swoon with joy. He spends much of his offscreen time racing around the nation on the dedicated work of selling Lincolns and Mercurys. He addresses regional meetings of auto dealers ("I explain that we're all part of a team") and will show up in Portland, Ore., for its Rose Festival or Memphis for the crowning of the Cotton Queen. Wherever he goes he is accompanied by a glistening motorcade of Lincolns and Mercurys. In Houston, Sullivan agreed to preside at the opening of the new \$9,000,000 Prudential Insurance building, but first arranged for a display of his sponsor's cars in the lobby. When Sam Goldwyn, Oscar Ham-



"We aim to please," said Mr. A
"I'll ship our goods this speedy way . . ."



"Hold your fire," said Mr. Q
"RAILWAY EXPRESS is rapid, too!"

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Al Maenchen



F7U-3 Cutlass, new Chance Vought general purpose fighter now in service with the U. S. Navy. Swift and versatile, it is armed with cannons and rockets, can carry bombs and guided missiles. Twin turbojet J46 engines, equipped with afterburners, supply the Cutlass with more than 12,000 pounds of thrust.

70% of our planet is deep water

... and here's how your New Air Navy
will use it for America's defense

Keeping the world's sea lanes open to our own forces and denying their use to any aggressor is the primary mission of the United States Navy.

These sea lanes are a two-way lifeline. Over them we transport the strategic materials vital to our industrial life, and send forth the supplies and troops essential to the existence of our overseas bases.

To control the seas a strong nation must control the skies above the seas...this is the job of your New Air Navy.

High-flying, hard-hitting jet fighters, like Chance Vought's *Cutlass*, are designed to range from the Navy's roving task forces,

sweeping the skies and extending the striking power of our surface fleets.

They are an "insurance policy" against attack upon our far-flung bases...an advance guard against attack at home.

Your New Air Navy plays a vital role in the use of deep water as part of America's defense.

NAVY FLIERS CHALLENGE THE JET FRONTIER

Action, adventure...fellowship, prestige...and price-less training that fits you for the challenge of the new jet age...all wait for you as a Navy flier. If you are unmarried, and between the ages of 18-25, visit your nearest Naval Air Station or write NAVCAD, Washington 25, D.C.



CHANCE

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3,000 square miles of wonderland ... and it belongs to you

The guide books tell you that Yellowstone National Park has more geysers than the rest of the world combined. They tell how Old Faithful performs every 66 minutes, how the Yellowstone gorge riots with color as the river tumbles over falls twice as high as Niagara—how you can see elk, moose, buffalo, bear and all the rest as the first white man saw them in 1810.

But you have to see this wonderland to appreciate the greatest wonder of all — *that it belongs to you.*

The first of our national parks, the Yellowstone was set aside in 1872 by a far-sighted Congress. Typically American in spirit, Yellowstone is rich in inspiration, sweeping in conception, rugged and raw in its beauty. And if it blows off steam occasionally, well, that's American, too.

A Salute to the National Parks Association

Sinclair salutes the National Parks Association for its tireless work in helping to preserve the primeval character of our great national parks.

With headquarters at 2144 P Street N.W., Washington, D. C., the Association stands as a ready means by which Americans can do their part in defending the national parks and monuments. Founded in 1919, the Association is a non-profit, non-political organization with nation-wide membership. Its sole purpose is to see that our great nature reservations are protected from despoiling influences and are administered under highest standards.

MOTORISTS—if you would like to visit the National Parks by car, the Sinclair Tour Bureau will help you plan your trip. Write: Sinclair Oil Corporation, Sinclair Oil Building, 600 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, N. Y.

SINCLAIR

A Great Name in Oil

THE PRESS

Dirtiest

The New York *Times* last week took a horrified look at the city around it. Said the lead sentence in a *Times* lead editorial: "New York is probably the dirtiest big city in the world, outside of Asia."

The Social News

An American . . . is afraid of ranking himself too high; still more he is afraid of being ranked too low.

—Alexis de Tocqueville (1840)

Since James Gordon Bennett launched the first society page in his New York *Herald* in 1840, the job of ranking Americans in "society" has fallen increasingly to the society pages. Many a U.S. daily gives more space to society news than to foreign dispatches; few parts of newspapers are read with more scrupulous devotion by woman readers. Once, metropolitan society newshens concentrated on the doings of the very few—a group rigidly defined by such social dictators as New York's Ward McAllister, Chicago's Mrs. Potter Palmer, Denver's "Unsinkable" Mrs. Margaret Tobin Brown,* San Francisco's Ned Greenway. But changes in American life and the hard realities of newspaper circulation-building have transformed the face of U.S. society news. Running a society page, explains Detroit *News Women's* Department Director Gordon Dixon, is "something like running a restaurant. If you have only fancy food and high prices, your clientele is limited."

Last week, all over the U.S., society

* Who earned the title when she survived the *Titanic* sinking and even lent a hand at the lifeboat oars.



Bob Lockenbach

EDITOR MOFFATT

Tips from the headwaiter.

editors, reporters and columnists were busy showing how varied the new society menu could be. In New York the *Herald Tribune* ran a story and picture on the engagement of Miss Mary Hanson Yergan, an attractive Negro student at Columbia University. In Washington, society reporters lined up in evening gowns at the White House to cover the annual Presidential diplomatic reception, one of the top social events of the year. In Dallas the big story was the annual Terpsichorean Ball. In Miami it was the opening of Hialeah race track with "former Ambassador to England Joseph P. Kennedy and his family, Mrs. Russell Firestone, Mrs. Robert Cudahy and, of course, Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt."

The Big Change. Who are in the new society page's society? The New York *Times* and *Herald Tribune* still report on the Social Registerites. But they also print all the announcements they have room for about the engagements, weddings, births, parties, etc., of others who are "eligible in terms of their respectability, accomplishment and educational background." For the other papers, society is a mixture of Social Registerites, café society and stage, screen and other entertainers. Such society gossipists as Igor (Cholly Knickerbocker) Cassini of Hearst's New York *Journal-American* operate on the principle that "there is nothing more deadly boring than a group of people who have just social position and nothing else." In his syndicated column of elegant keyhole peeping and pub-crawling, Cassini is far from boring. He not only covers the fanciest parties and loudest brawls, but his columns also include such items as: "When the Jelke trial opens—the chi chi neighbors along 72nd Street will hear all about the \$300-a-month apartment [call] girls operated there."

In San Francisco, Chicago and many another city, charity is the springboard. "A woman gets on one committee," explains San Francisco *Examiner* Society Editor Frances Moffatt, "then you notice she's moved up to a better one. Her name begins to show up on party guest lists, then better party lists." To keep tab on the climbers, society reporters in San Francisco turn out every Monday for lunch at the Mural Room of the St. Francis Hotel. There, the headwaiter's placement of socialites at tables in the center or corner of the room is as good a rating as any blue book.

In Atlanta "the club you belong to counts"; in Washington "anyone 'official' is society"; in Detroit it is "who you are in the auto industry"; in Miami "it's simply your Dun & Bradstreet rating." In Los Angeles the new society is intertwined with the movie colony. "One thing that's forced us to change," explains the Los Angeles *Examiner's* Society Editor Lynn Spencer, "is that now when Eastern socialites come West, they're more interested in seeing our movie stars than in meeting our own Western society."



Chicago Daily News

EDITOR DESHAÏS
News from the queen.

Most society news still comes into papers over the telephone or through the mails in the form of wedding announcements, bridge-party lists, etc. Papers have few hard and fast rules on what they print, although almost no dailies in the South and few in the North carry Negro society news. In papers like the *Milwaukee Journal*, scarcely a bridge or tea escapes the paper's home-town style society net. In New Orleans and many other cities, coverage is so thorough that a hostess seldom arranges a dinner party without first checking the local newspaper's social calendar to find out whether any big parties are planned for the same date.

Background Shotgun. Society reporting has its own brand of booby traps. A sharp-eyed New Orleans *Times-Picayune* staffer once killed a wedding photo just in time: a photographer had carelessly posed the couple in front of a mantel over which a shotgun was prominently hanging. The late Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish once became outraged at the New York *Herald* after a makeup man inadvertently transposed her party list with a Manhattan boxing program.

Since most society news is considered a service to readers, society reporters are more considerate about those who make the news than are other reporters. Detroit *News Society* Editor Eleanor Breitmeyer has a rule never to take pictures of guests at a cocktail party with glasses in their hands. Furthermore, "if a prominent industrialist is having an outing with his family aboard his yacht, and we ask if we may take pictures, he might say that he would rather we'd not because he was in the midst of labor negotiations in his plant. In such a case, we might



HOLIDAYS IN ITALY

THE RIVIERA OF FLOWERS

with its picturesque Sea Resorts of . . .

SAN REMO

BORDIGHERA ALASSIO

DIANO MARINA OSPEDALETTI
VENTIMIGLIA IMPERIA

Large beaches — Camping — Folklore
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SPLASH AND DASH

For a smoother
whisky on-the-rocks,
"gentle" taste
and accent flavor
with 3 generous
dashes of Angostura!

ANGOSTURA

AROMATIC BITTERS
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take a shot just of the youngsters and forget the yacht as far as pictures go."

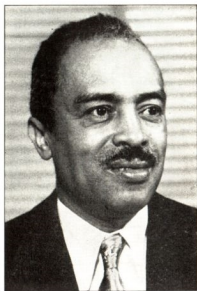
Human Race. The change in society coverage has made a big difference in the social acceptability of reporters. Many a society leader, engaged in charitable work, has learned the value of publicity. No longer do reporters have to stand outside the door, like little match girls, trying to find out what is going on inside. Said Denver Post Society Editor Patricia Collins: "We are well accepted everywhere." In Washington there are so many parties, says Washington Post and Times-Herald Society Editor Marie McNair, "that I live all winter on canapés and don't get a green vegetable a month."

In covering the new society, some papers have actually gone out and made society news. For example, Chicago Daily News Society Editor Athlyn Deshaies last year ran a contest to select the "New Queen of Chicago Society" (TIME, Jan. 18, 1954); it proved to be one of the paper's most popular special features. With readers finding their own names and those of their friends on the society pages, newspapers have found that expanded society coverage is paying off in increased circulation. With the change, many a society reporter and socialite has belatedly come to recognize the truth of Alva Johnston's sardonic definition of "socialite" as "a technical tabloid term meaning a member of the human race."

Color Bar

In Washington, Negro newsmen have the right to sit in congressional press galleries, enjoy full press privileges at the White House and in Government offices, and have even been elected to Congress itself. But there is still one inner sanctum where Negro newsmen have never been admitted as members: the 911-member National Press Club, to which virtually all capital correspondents (and hundreds of pressagents and lobbyists) belong. Three weeks ago Louis Lautier, 56, Washington correspondent for the National Negro Press Association and the Atlanta Daily World, decided to put the club's color bar to its first formal test. Lautier, the first Negro reporter on a daily newspaper to be admitted to the congressional press galleries (TIME, March 31, 1947), applied for club membership. The club, he reasoned, is not a social institution but a place where newsmen come to exchange information, hear speakers at club luncheons, and meet sources. Many a newsmen agreed with Lautier, and he had no trouble finding as sponsors Columnists Drew Pearson and Marquis Childs and U.P. Correspondent Lee (Breakthrough on the Color Front) Nichols.

A fortnight ago Lautier's application



Walter Bennett

CORRESPONDENT LAUTIER
A secret yes or no.

was tentatively approved by the club's board of governors, but the best it could do was a 6-4 vote. The board's action touched off a hot debate, and Lautier's supporters and opponents got ready for a stormy floor fight at the club's annual meeting. But four days before the meeting both factions agreed on a way to keep the fight from flaring into the open. The members agreed to "avoid discussion that might become acrimonious and unseemly" by putting Lautier's application to a secret yes or no ballot of the entire membership—the first time such a vote has ever been taken. At week's end, Lautier himself nutshelled the question: "How can I be denied membership on my color when they have people of the yellow race, and, I understand, Communists, as members from other countries? My color is against me as an American."

Case Closed

During the 1950 off-year election campaign, Chicago Sun-Times Reporter Ray Brennan got hold of a fine exclusive story. He reported the secret testimony before the Kefauver crime committee of Chicago's Democratic candidate for Cook County sheriff, "Tubbo" ("richest cop in the world") Gilbert. Largely as a result of Brennan's story, Gilbert and the entire Cook County Democratic machine were sunk on election day. But a federal grand jury indicted Brennan for impersonating a federal employee to get the secret testimony. Reporter Brennan won the first round of his case when the Government dropped its charges because of "questionable" evidence (TIME, Feb. 2). The Department of Justice had him indicted afresh. Last week, on the eve of a new trial, the case against Brennan was dismissed for keeps. In Washington U.S. District Court, Government lawyers acknowledged that their case closed because Reporter Brennan had shown no "criminal intent."

✱ Negroes are admitted to the club's big banquet hall when it is rented out to other organizations, but only two have ever ventured into the members' private dining room or Press Club bar. One, William Hastie, now a federal judge, was refused service; the other, C.I.O. Aide George Weaver, was served luncheon, but his newsmen host got an anonymous letter warning him never to bring a Negro again.

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ART



SHAHN'S "CYBERNETICS"

The Market

The Paris weekly *Arts* last week surveyed 1954 sales, noted the following market trends: Old-masters market stationary with demand moderate, but a healthy trading in old Italians, especially the Venetians. French 18th century art still gilt-edged, drawing excellent prices in London and Paris, with a small Watteau sketch selling for \$7,700 and a "frivolous" little Boucher bid up to \$14,000. Still leading the blue chips: the impressionists. A Claude Monet *Bouquet* went for \$25,000; a Renoir *Jeune Fille* for \$37,000. In Manhattan, a Pissarro sold for \$17,000.

Despite consistently high prices, few Cézannes were offered for sale. Among the contemporary painters, Matisse fetched the highest prices (\$19,000 for an early *faune* portrait). Derain, whose market had been irregular until his death last year, is expected to improve. Picasso is doing well, with interest centered in his early periods. Because of small output and resulting short supply, Modiglianis are likely to remain expensive (about \$20,000).

Mirrors & Messages

One of the nation's most admired artists last week showed what he had accomplished in his last 25 years of painting. The retrospective exhibition at Manhattan's Downtown Gallery proved that in the past quarter century the art of burly Ben Shahn has mellowed and broadened

with the man. The bristling dark mustache of his fiery youth has faded to white, and now it screens more smiles than scowls. At 56, after many storms, Shahn seems to have entered a calm sea.

Shahn was raised in a Brooklyn slum, where the local toughs forced him to portray favorite athletes on the pavement with chalk. Little Ben learned to draw very well indeed. He also developed a temper. It was the perfect schooling for a "proletarian-school" painter. Shahn grew up to startle the art world with a series of watercolors, almost as beautiful as they were bitter, based on the Sacco-Vanzetti case. He became perhaps the best, and most depressing, painter of the Great Depression. Shahn's "have-nots" were lean as greyhounds and sad-eyed as spaniels; his "haves" always looked as if they had had too much.

The details were wonderfully convincing. "There's a difference," Shahn would explain, "between the way a \$12 coat wrinkles and the way a \$75 coat wrinkles." He used a camera to record hundreds of such differences, then translated them into the sparse, nervous lines that are his trademark. But for years his main business was simply to protest evils and inequities. Shahn made his messages so plain that many of them were converted into posters by the addition of a slogan. During World War II Shahn became a poster artist for the Government, later put the horror and ruin of

THE WAY WEST

SELDOM have painters had a broader and more sweeping theme than the winning of the West, the great American epic of the 19th century. Their canvas was the whole reach from the Mississippi delta swamps to the frozen peaks of the Rockies. Most of the adventurous artists who rode west with military parties and wagon trains are relative unknowns. But their work, brought together by the St. Louis City Art Museum's Director Perry T. Rathbone to commemorate the Louisiana Purchase of 1803, makes a vibrant, graphic history of a great age (see color pages).

George Catlin was the first artist to replace the conventional picture of the Indian (usually James Fenimore Cooper's noble savage, in Mohawk dress) with authentic Plains Indians (TIME, June 7), presented with authentic American showmanship. For an English tour of his 600-odd paintings, Artist Catlin used genuine Indians, who gave point to his lectures by posing in tableaux, wowed the early Victorians with their scalp-tingling war whoops.

Ironically, even the earliest painters of the West were recording an already vanishing era. The bustling scene of the stockaded fur-trading post at Fort Laramie was painted by Alfred Jacob Miller in 1837, when the Rocky Mountain fur trade had already passed its peak. Paris-trained Miller's paintings of a fur trappers' rendezvous, done with blue-tinted mountains in the romantic manner of Delacroix, are the only surviving pictorial records of the mountain men's great annual blowouts of drinking, fighting, "squaw doin's" and trading. The Swiss painter Charles Bodmer, first artist to travel up the Missouri past the Yellowstone, included in his careful watercolors of the fierce Plains warriors, dramatic sketches of other

tribesmen already demoralized and debauched by drink, decaying on the outskirts of the white man's settlements.

For all the artists, the immensity of the new West was an overwhelming experience. One German-trained painter, Albert Bierstadt, who accompanied General F. W. Lander's surveying expedition to Oregon in 1858, is said to have sketched a spectacular formation in the Rockies, then refused to paint it, explaining in despair: "Few people would believe they are real rocks." Painters also found their ingenuity taxed by the great spaces and the harsh light of the West. Lacking an adequate technique for handling light, they often fell back on filling their canvases with lurid sunsets, fire, even rainbows, to give the impact of the West's grandeur. How effective this stratagem can be is shown by Charles Wimar, an immigrant German boy whose murals in the St. Louis Courthouse were the first west of the Mississippi. By painting straight into a sunset, he gave his painting a superb sense of the loneliness of an early settler's sod hut, lost in a distance that dwarfed all things human.

Most artists went to the West as strangers. The earliest first-rate American artist to whom the new West was a natural environment was George Caleb Bingham, a self-taught painter who grew up in Missouri. Bingham's Osage warrior lying in ambush is tense testimony to the wagoner's haunting knowledge that Indian eyes were always on him. But Bingham's masterpieces are the superbly drawn scenes of settled frontier life, electioneering, shooting competitions and riverboat life. Painted in the 1840s and 1850s, they already point to the days when Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn will think of Injun Joe as an outcast, when the streets will be lined with whitewashed fences.



WAGNERIAN VIEW of the Rockies imbues picture of Wyoming's Jenny Lake and Grand Tetons by Albert Bierstadt, who went west with surveying expedition in 1858.

Washington University

Morton D. May

FIRE-LIT DRAMA of the Great Plains is caught in this favorite western subject—buffalo crossing a river. Artist Charles Wimar's setting was the Yellowstone, 1859.





Walters Art Gallery

' FORT LARAMIE, fur traders' post on the Oregon Trail, looked like this to Alfred Jacob Miller in 1837. A later building of adobe was familiar to Parkman and overland emigrants.

Peabody Museum, Harvard University

"THE CONCEALED ENEMY," an Osage brave in ambush, is one of few Indian subjects by George Caleb Bingham, who generally peopled his westerns with white settlers.



CHOCTAW INDIAN, in white man's shirt, was painted by Swiss Artist Charles Bodmer during 1833 New Orleans visit.



Courtesy Prince Dietrich zu Wied

"THE WOOD-BOAT," typical George Caleb Bingham scene of western river life, shows settlers on

the Missouri frontier in 1850, waiting to make sale of stacked firewood to a passing river steamboat.



City Art Museum of St. Louis



FUR TRAPPERS' RENDEZVOUS, in Wyoming's Wind River Mountains, was painted about 1840 by Alfred Jacob Miller, who is only artist known to have recorded eyewitness view of mountain men's famed annual gathering.

Robert B. Honeyman, Jr.



TURF HOUSE ON THE PLAINS, by Charles Wimar, captured lonely feeling of solitary settler who built home out of prairie sod, piled layer on layer, in the treeless plains between the Missouri and the Rockies.



Historical Pictures

PAINTER MORLAND

At his feet, an empty glass.

war into some of the most powerful pictures of his career. The changes of history were clearly not stranding Shahn; he still held a wickedly glinting mirror up to the woes of the world. But that job ceased to satisfy him.

"Five or six years ago," Shahn says, "I got the idea that just reflecting things wasn't enough. I'd always been a great one for sticking to the facts. Now I decided to generalize, to make pictures that would be true in more ways than one." As a result, he stopped using photographs for material, began making big, semi-abstract temperas with such titles as *Beattitudes*, *Cybernetics* and *Everyman*.

The protest is still there. But it is stated in poetic rather than in "proletarian" terms. Shahn still draws for two hours every morning ("like doing finger exercises"), and the liveliness of his draftsmanship keeps even the vaguest of his new works from seeming too diffuse. If the Brooklyn toughs of his boyhood would never appreciate the aging Ben Shahn, coming generations well may.

Profligate Genius

For sheer output, no English painter of the 18th century came close to the eccentric genius, George Morland. In a brief lifetime he finished about 4,000 canvases, most of them seascapes, sentimental family groupings and bucolic country scenes. Unfortunately for Morland's career and subsequent reputation, few contemporaries could match his prodigious consumption of alcohol.² But through the years, Morland's work has kept a kind of dogged popularity. Last week a show at London's Tate Gallery, commemorating the painter's death in 1804, showed one reason

why. No English painter has left a more powerful or popular picture of rural Old England. A man of common pleasures himself, Morland, through his work, has addressed himself over the centuries to the common man's comprehension.

Paintings for Gin. Morland started out as an infant prodigy. He was already sketching at three, soon painted spiders that scared the servant girls. At ten he was exhibiting at the Royal Academy. Beginning at 14, Morland went through seven years of training. He was apprenticed to his father, a twice bankrupt painter and art dealer, locked in an upper room turning out copies of English and Dutch masterpieces which his father sometimes foisted off as originals. But while still a fuzzless youth, Morland started drinking. To keep himself supplied with gin, young Morland secretly painted sexy love scenes, lowered them on a string to a confederate to be sold for gin money. Before his apprenticeship ended, Morland turned down a handsome offer from the painter Romney, set off on a roistering, rakehell career that sent him to his grave at 41.

Morland got his first real look at the sea when he ran off to Margate and stayed with a rich lady of easy virtue. Though he finally settled down long enough to get married (showing up for the wedding wearing two huge pistols), his chosen companions remained the osters, potboys, horse jockeys, moneylenders, pawnbrokers, punks and pugilists who often served as his models. They shared Morland's love of gin and practical jokes. Once Morland stuffed the chairs of a public house with mackerel, returned with his cronies to complain to the frantic landlord of the frightful stench.

On to the Pub. The need for live models was Morland's excuse for every sort of extravagance. He kept a menagerie which included foxes, goats, hogs, monkeys and dormice. To get material for *The Desert-er*, he commandeered a sergeant, drummer and soldier, plied them with ale and tobacco for two days. Morland sold well, but often he could not wait for purchasers to leave his studio before uttering three loud "huzzahs" and heading straight for the nearest pub. At the peak of his career, Morland, only 28, found himself £4,000 in debt. Morland's life became an unending struggle to keep out of debtors' prison. To meet his creditors' and dealers' demands, he stepped up his potboiling output to one and two paintings a day, filled his canvases with short cuts (masses of foliage and shadows, figures swathed in formless cloaks).

Only occasionally did Morland take pains to work out a painting carefully. One of his last and best canvases was painted while Morland was visiting his sick wife in Paddington two years before his death. Just released from prison, Morland painted himself, attended by his manservant Gibbs frying sausages. From his self-portrait Morland looks out with watery, disconsolate eyes. At his feet Morland painted what might well have been his own grim epitaph, an overturned glass and bottle, both empty.

² Morland recounted a day's drinking at Brighton: beginning with Hollands gin and rum and milk before breakfast, it went on through nine different beverages, including opium and water, topped off with gin, shrub and rum before bed.

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EDUCATION

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Just 50 years had passed since the Boston Newsboys' Protective Union first thought up the idea: Why not help send one bright newsboy each year to Harvard? In 1906, the union started doing just that, and though it was disbanded in 1916, its Boston Newsboys' Scholarship Fund became a permanent part of Harvard. Last week, as it celebrated its Golden Anniversary, the fund could justly claim that once given a boost, a newsboy is hard to beat.

Of the 42 sent to Harvard, only one flunked out, three are now in the college. Of the graduates, five won master's degrees, three are M.D.s, three have Ph.D.s, two have LL.B.s. One owns a chemical

under wraps for months, the university finally let the secret out. The association's haymaker: unless Byrd's successor, Wilson Elkins, straightens out his campus by April 1956, the university may no longer be accredited.

"Lock of Ferment." The association's investigators gave Curly Byrd at least one bit of unrestrained praise. In his 18 years he had seen his enrollments jump from 3,376 to 25,000, his budget grow from \$2,600,000 to \$22 million, such a unit as the College of Military Science become first-rate. But in building up the campus, he had apparently neglected a few essentials. His control had been so tight that the university had become "unquestionably the lengthened shadow of President Byrd." As a result, said the association,



PRESIDENT BYRD (CENTER) & FOOTBALL COACHES (1941)
In the classroom, Sport Skills and Basic Body Control.

Jackie Martin

company; one is a noted architect; another became secretary of the Law Society of Massachusetts; and two more—Charles Sillin, of Tulane University, and Samuel Levine, a top heart specialist (TIME, Dec. 6)—are professors. Said Director John Munro of the Harvard Financial Aid Office: "No foundation or scholarship that I know can boast a better performance than that."

Touchdown Machine

When Harry ("Curly") Byrd ran for Governor of Maryland last fall,* his Republican opponents raised quite an unpleasant fuss about one aspect of his career: his 18 years as president of the University of Maryland. As most Maryland voters knew, the Middle States Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools had recently completed a thorough examination of the university, and rumor had it that its confidential report was far from favorable. Last week, after keeping it

there was a tendency on the part of faculty members to "shrug off" responsibility and for departments to suffer from "sterility and lack of ferment."

In spite of much improvement since it was last inspected in 1935, the Medical School was in many respects 15 years behind the times. Its facilities were overcrowded, its salaries "definitely low," its library "grossly inadequate."

As a matter of fact, almost every library at the university was a scandal. The English Department had a book budget of only \$600 a year, and the law library had only \$8,000 compared to the University of Virginia's \$23,000. The association's summary of the music library: "Dictionaries—poor; History of Music—unsatisfactory; Theory—unsatisfactory; Musical Form—poor; Counterpoint—poor; Biographies—poor; Music Education—satisfactory; Magazines—professional (3), scholarly type (none) . . ."

Ds & Fs. Of all parts of the university, however, none got such a beating as the athletic program. To make sure that his plant would be the best, President Byrd,

who rose to his job after 21 years as football coach, charged each student a \$15 athletic fee, added \$40 a year more for the construction of athletic facilities. Not only did the university violate Atlantic Coast Conference rules by its "deliberate and forceful" program for recruiting football stars (and a topflight team, as a result), it also allowed athletes to repeat courses year after year. Football players got full training-table privileges each fall, while other athletes did not. They received a monthly \$15 allowance for laundry. And though they numbered only 1.5% of the student body, they got 54% of all undergraduate scholarship funds. Furthermore, said the association, some of their academic records were a farce. Among the cases the association cited:

¶ A physical-education student who, in spite of credits earned for passing examinations in "Varsity Sports," was dropped after his freshman year in 1949, was readmitted the next fall even though he did not report for make-up summer school. Then he flunked out again, only to be readmitted in 1953.

¶ Another physical-education student who flunked out as a freshman in January 1953 but was promptly readmitted in February. His best subjects: Phys. Ed. 123 ("Coaching Basketball") and Phys. Ed. 125 ("Coaching Football").

¶ A football co-captain who, in spite of cheating on a physiology exam, inched himself up—after five years—to the junior class. His "junior"-year curriculum: Sport Skills (a required freshman course which he had already taken), an advanced Sport Skills (a required sophomore subject), Basic Body Control (another required freshman course), Introduction to Education (which he had taken in his first year), American Government (which he had taken in his second year), History of American Civilization (which he had taken twice before with grades of D and F).

Last week, as the association report went out just before his formal installation, President Elkins, a Rhodes scholar and Phi Beta Kappa, promised to do his best to meet the association's requirements by 1956. If the General Assembly only gives him enough money, said he, "there is little doubt that this purpose will be accomplished."

Balancing Act

When Winston Churchill accepted an invitation to speak at Massachusetts Institute of Technology in 1949, a Harvardman asked John Ely Burchard, now M.I.T.'s dean of humanities and social studies: "How did you persuade Winston to speak to those team fitters of yours?" As Burchard well knew, there was a mite of truth in the joke, in spite of mighty efforts already made to broaden the humanities curriculum. Was the nation's top technical school still giving its students too narrow an education? Last week the M.I.T. faculty formally approved a new experiment that may eventually answer the question.

Once in gear, the plan will have select-

* He was defeated by Theodore Roosevelt McKeldin, 380,000 to 318,000.

ed M.I.T. students, no matter what their specialty, spend at least 40% of their time in the humanities and social sciences. If the student wishes to become a professional engineer or scientist, he may take an additional year and get a second bachelor's degree in his specialty, or an additional two years and get his master's. For those interested in such a subject as economics, M.I.T. will expand its broad social science Course XIV, but the new Humanities Course XXI will rotate around two major themes: American Industrial Society and Philosophy & Literature. Since science and engineering will still be the center of the plan, M.I.T. students will in effect be taking a "double major," will find themselves gulping down bigger doses than ever before of everything from Plato to Dante, Sophocles to Aquinas, Hobbes and Kant and Dewey, laced with Locke, Marx and Dickens.

The fact is, says Dean Burchard, that schools like M.I.T. have long faced a dilemma. The traditional four years is simply no longer enough to give the nation's future engineers and scientists a proper technical training as well as a balanced education. Last week, M.I.T. had high hopes that it may at last be getting near a solution.

Report Card

¶ As of last fall, said the Census Bureau last week, enrollments in U.S. schools and colleges were up to a record 36 million—a jump of 1,540,000 over 1953. Most surprising statistic: since 1948, the number of pupils in private elementary and secondary schools has gone up 49%, while the public schools have increased only 20%.

¶ Robert ("Tut") Patterson, secretary of Mississippi's pro-segregation Citizens Councils, suggested that all the councils do as the one in Sunflower County is doing: present high-school students with copies of Circuit Judge Tom Brady's Negro-baiting *Black Monday*, then offer a \$50 prize to the pupil who makes the best attack on the U.S. Supreme Court's decision. The book should provide contestants with plenty of material. Its main theme: that from Egypt to Rome, from India to the Mayans, the Negro has been the cause of the decline and fall of practically everything.

¶ Antioch College, famed for its now-work, now-study undergraduate program, announced that it was extending the idea to its faculty. From now on, a professor need not spend his sabbatical years doing research; he can take a paying job "in the practical society for which he is training his students."

¶ In addition to the 308 scholarships it already finances at 34 private colleges and universities, Union Carbide announced that it will add 68 more at eleven new campuses. The company's goal: a total of 400 four-year scholarships, at an estimated annual total of \$500,000, with the accompanying \$100 yearly allowance toward the expenses of each student's faculty adviser and a \$500 grant to the campus of his choice.



How "pocket money" brought us a lifetime of financial security

When I see Al Carr still catching that early morning bus, I think what "pocket money" did for me. Al's still working while most of us have retired. It's just not easy for a man his age.

Thirty years ago, Beth and I were a carefree young couple with one child, a little insurance and a lot of bills. My job was OK, and I figured if I worked hard, I had a good future.

We weren't spendthrifts, but when the second baby came, the responsibilities started to pile up. Doctor bills, extra clothes, groceries—you know.

That was when Beth told me off! "It's time we started looking to the future," she said. "Do you know that even a little pocket money invested right now, will build security for us and our kids?"

"Hey, wait a minute," I said. "I'd like to save for the future, too—but our kind of pocket money won't do it!"

"You wait!" said Beth. "I've been talking to Helen Howat. They've got a Bankers Life Double Duty Dollar Plan

to provide cash for emergencies, protection if anything happens to Bob, money to send the kids to college. And they started it for only \$5 a week!"

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MUSIC

Spurs at 24

One night five years ago, when young Thomas Schippers was conducting Menotti's *The Consul* on Broadway, he got so excited that the baton slipped from his fingers and sailed over his shoulder into the audience. Since then, Conductor Schippers (pronounced shippers) has kept a firm grip on his baton, earned resounding kudos for his performances at the New York City Opera, guest stints with symphony orchestras, and this season, for another Menotti opera, *The Saint of Bleeker Street* (TIME, Jan. 10). Last week Kalamazoo-born Conductor Schippers, 24, won his golden operatic spurs: the Metropolitan Opera signed him to be the third U.S.-born regular conductor in its 71-year history.* He will bow in a new production of Donizetti's *Don Pasquale* next season, will add much-needed verve to the Met's stable of good but greying and overworked conductors.

TV Tosca

In the U.S. it is still news when a Negro stars in grand opera, even in a role calling for a dark skin. Marian Anderson's Metropolitan Opera debut as the Negro Ulrica, in *Un Ballo in Maschera* (TIME, Jan. 17), made fortissimo headlines, and this week Baritone Robert McFerrin is causing another stir at the Met by singing the Ethiopian king Amonasro in *Aida*. The NBC Opera Theater was even bolder: this week it cast Leontyne Price, 26, as the Italian opera singer Tosca.

Producer Samuel Chotzinoff sent Soprano Price before the cameras without special makeup. At first sight, her striking features looked rather exotic, although the TV screen virtually wiped out the color contrast between her and other singers. But as Puccini's melodramatic opera proceeded, Soprano Price's quietly expressive acting began to tell and she became Floria Tosca, coquettish in the arms of her handsome lover (handsomely sung by Tenor David Poleri), murderous in the arms of the villainous police chief (Baritone Josh Wheeler), and distraught at her lover's death. Vocally, she was head and shoulders above the others, crooning pearly high notes here, dropping into gutty dramatic tones there. She sang the great second-act aria, *Vissi d'arte* (rendered in English as "Love of beauty") with a flair worthy of the Met. Except for clumsy phrases in the translation ("How your hatred enhances my resolve to possess you!"), and a phlegmatic but overbearing orchestra, TV's first *Tosca* was a rattling good show.

Soprano Price started her musical career playing the piano at parties and funerals back home in Laurel, Miss., where her father was a carpenter. At Cen-

tral State College in Ohio, she expected to take a music education degree, instead discovered her voice ("All of a sudden you open your mouth and begin"). She won a Juilliard scholarship, decided to try an opera career despite the fact that at most a dozen roles in the standard repertory are usually considered "suitable" for female Negro singers. After a rousing debut in a Juilliard production of *Falstaff*, Soprano Price won the lead in the world-traveling revival of *Porgy and Bess*. (She later married her leading man, Baritone William Warfield.)

Bess and Tosca are not so very differ-



POLERI & PRICE (IN "TOSCA")
All of a sudden it began.

ent, thinks Leontyne. "Things happened to Bess and she wasn't strong enough to control them. Tosca could control what happened to her better. Both were strumpets, only Tosca dressed better."

Tropical Thunderstorm

At 18, a Brazilian musician named Heitor Villa-Lobos sold some rare books left him by his father and, jingling his spending money, took off for the jungle. For the next few years he inhaled a lot of folk music, warmed it in his own prodigally creative imagination and exhaled luxuriant clouds of concert music. Some of his work was jungly, some languid as a slow samba. Villa-Lobos became famed as one of the century's most brilliant composers. Last week, a half century after his first jungle excursion but still a restless wanderer, Composer Villa-Lobos turned up as guest conductor of the Philadelphia Orchestra, introduced to Manhattan two recent compositions: *Symphony No. 8* (1950) and *Concerto for Harp and Orchestra* (1953).

Short (5 ft. 3 in.) and blunt, he strode to the podium, grey hair tucked behind his ears, coattails dangling rakishly below his calves. His first piece: a movement from *Bachianas Brasileiras No. 8* that had the Philadelphia cellos singing with a tone of thick-piled velvet. Then came the symphony, as prodigal with melodies as a bargain basement with wares, innocently loaded with hints of other compositions, but still characteristic and convincing. The concerto, expertly played by Harpist Nicanor Zabaleta, was paler, but it did have some gripping episodes, notably the haunting harp harmonics accompanying a string song in the slow movement. Both works were put in the shade by the concluding piece, *Chôros No. 6* (written in 1926), a fine tropical thunderstorm accompanied by pagan drums.

Composer Villa-Lobos cares not the flick of a grace note if some of his music sounds flimsy. "Better that people should hear bad Villa-Lobos than good somebody else," is his motto. When told that a theme of his sounds like something else, it is news (but not bad news) to him. "I write as I feel, guided by impulse and thinking of humanity," he says. "I don't think of history, posterity, fashion or politics." Villa-Lobos is breathing much urban, northern-hemisphere air these days (after his U.S. concerts he is off for a Continental tour next month), but he is still breathing deeply. At week's end he was composing furiously between concerts, is half way through his *Eleventh Symphony*. His total output to date: a dazzling 2,000-plus compositions.

Dead-Eye Fred

The brilliant young pianist zipped *vivacissimamente* through the final movement of Beethoven's "Les Adieux" sonata. Impeccable in white tie and tails, he bowed to the storm of applause that swept Carnegie Hall, dutifully played three encores. Later that night, he could be seen walking down neon-gaudy Broadway. Just five blocks south of the august concert hall, he ducked into a cellar. Within a few minutes Concert Pianist Friedrich Gulda was on the bandstand, amid the smoke and clatter of Broadway's famed Birdland nightclub, playing jazz—cool, glittering and poignant as jazz. Sitting in with the Modern Jazz Quartet, Pianist Gulda rippled out chorus after chorus of *Lullaby of Birdland* while the hipsters shouted approval. "How much nicer this is than Carnegie Hall," sighed Pianist Gulda when closing time came.

Like Gulls & Honey. At Birdland, Carnegie Hall or anywhere else, Vienna's Friedrich Gulda, 24, is a pianist to watch. Earlier that evening, at his Carnegie Hall concert, he displayed the style that in a few years has made him stand out in a crowded field. He hunched owl-like over the keyboard, played with his fingers close to the keys, his only visible flourishes an occasional phrase-smoothing gesture. The first movement of Beethoven's *Sonata Op. 2, No. 3* was marked *Allegro con brio*, with Gulda interpreted in terms of jet-age speed and atomic-age heat, and every

* The others: New Orleans' Nathan Franko (off and on from 1899 to 1913), Detroit's Max Bendix (1909-1910). Schippers is the youngest conductor at the Met since Walter Damrosch, who was signed in 1885 at 22.



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fast movement for the next hour and a half had a breathless here-we-go-again quality. It would have been just another dead-eye Fred taking pleasure in his fingerwork, except that Gulda's pianissimo was sweet as a barrel of honey, his legato glided like a gull, and his perfect shading gave each movement a convincing contour.

It was the climax of Gulda's third visit to the U.S. since his ill-fated arrival in 1950. At the age of ten, in Vienna, Gulda was impressed into a Hitler Youth group, and that was enough under the McCarran Internal Security Act to land him on Ellis Island. After a protest storm in the press Gulda finally played—to rave reviews—and took the next plane home. His political history cleared up, he later gave about 200 concerts on tours of the U.S., Europe and South America.

End of Youth. Pianist Gulda is a young man as sure of himself off the concert stage as on it. Says he of his work as



Roderick MacArthur

PIANIST GULDA
Cool is nicer than Carnegie.

a spare-time composer: "I am a very severe critic, and once I let a piece pass out of my factory, it is good." Shrugging off the fact that he now wears glasses: "Musicians have no expression in their eyes anyway." On piano music: "Beethoven suits me best because I thoroughly understand it. I find Mozart difficult, and dangerous. I play Prokofiev because people expect me to—I do not consider it important." On teaching: "If I have to teach, I do it pretty well."

This year he will cut his concerts to 30 a year. Says he: "I want to have time for things that are important to me." Among the most important: jazz. This spring he plans to form his own jazz combo in Vienna. Also, Gulda thinks that it may be time to relax a bit. "With my 25th birthday coming up," he says solemnly, "I consider my youth finished." Perhaps the next time he plays in Carnegie Hall he will even play more slowly.

THE THEATER

The Week in Manhattan

The Time of Your Life (by William Saroyan) remains, after some 16 years, the most engaging of Saroyan's plays. Revived at the City Center, it suffers less from the ravages of time than from the unsociableness of space: in that vast hall, the play's intimate, childlike mood never quite lassoes the audience. But what was always brightest about the play—its procession of cockeyed characters through the swinging doors of a waterfront dive—still has considerable lure. Its old Kit Carsonish liar, whose opening gun is "I don't suppose you ever fell in love with a midget weighing 39 pounds," its beplumed society lady who springs to her feet when a Salvation Army hymn strikes up, its old woman jabbering rapid-fire Italian, its nervous swain constantly dropping nickels into a pay phone, its persistent fanatic nursing along the marbles game—these have a fine exuberance and humor about them, and have the wackiness—plus a Saroyanesque warmth—of *a You Can't Take It with You*.

Excellent at conveying a slightly alcoholic gaiety in people, Saroyan is far less persuasive about the all-abounding goodness in life. When his honky-tonk's lights dim to a prettier glow, when his wealthy drunk plays both God and Maecenas to prostitutes and bums, when the only bad man in the play is obligingly bumped off, there circulates a too-starry-eyed—or merely glassy-eyed—optimism. The poet in Saroyan, unlike the prankster in him, lacks the power to override the facts of life. There is something beguiling about Saroyan's fantasies, but soft-bellied about his truths.

In a generally pleasant cast are such well-known performers as Franchot Tone, Myron McCormick, Paula Laurence, Harold Lang, John Carradine. And with Irving Berlin's daughter Linda, Saroyan's ex-wife Carol Grace, and Stokowski's estranged wife Gloria Vanderbilt each playing a bit part, *The Time of Your Life* is the season's most glamorous bit-party.

Festival (by Sam and Bella Spewack) takes place in the rococo sunroom of a music impresario. Phones blare, tempers explode, rival artists snarl and spit. Then a lady music teacher arrives with a child prodigy to make things really hum. Soon she is rumored to be a famous pianist's discarded mistress and the prodigy their illegitimate son. With the child's real father suspecting his wife, and a lady cellist buzzing with sex, it all suggests a game of musical sofas.

The Spewacks dutifully include in *Festival* almost every farcical gambit known. The show has some amusing lines and, here and there, some lively routine antics. But far too many of its people, incidents and gimmicks are by now the markdowns and close-outs of satirical farce, and the pandemonious approach accentuates the feeling of a bargain sale.

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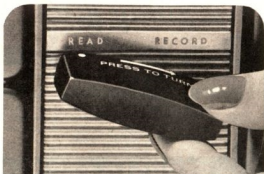
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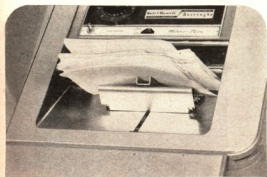
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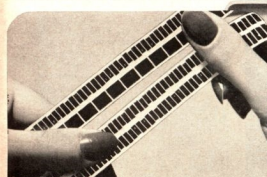
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BUSINESS

STATE OF BUSINESS

Going Up

As U.S. automakers began to hit full stride last week, production climbed. At week's end the humming, clanking assembly lines of all manufacturers had rolled out 163,266 cars, chalking up the second-biggest production week in auto history. (Biggest: 164,876, in the week ending June 17, 1950.) Ford set a post-World War II record; both Chevrolet and Buick scored alltime highs.

But busy as the factories were, auto salesmen were even busier. Helped by the discounting dealers (TIME, Jan. 24), sales were climbing. Said Chrysler President Lester Lum ("Tex") Colbert: "We are selling cars faster than we can make them. Our problem is to fill all the dealers' orders." General Motors President Harlow Curtice estimated that the automobile industry will turn out 7,600,000 cars and trucks this year, a full 650,000 above last year's production. Moreover, said he, G.M. dealers are selling 1955 models "just as fast as they can get them from the factory. . . . I foresee a continuing high demand." Predicted Curtice: G.M. will have another \$10 billion sales year; the national economy will rise to a new peak in 1955.

The upturn which began last fall was duly reflected in the first crop of fourth-quarter earnings reports. American Telephone & Telegraph Co. reported a fourth-quarter net of \$125,840,000, up \$4,880,000 from third-quarter profits. For all of 1954 A.T. & T. showed a net of \$480 million, a fat 12% above 1953's profits. National Biscuit Co.'s fourth-quarter earnings reached \$5,398,522 v. \$4,944,070 the third quarter. The net of New York's

Consolidated Edison rose to \$11,513,680, some 32% above third-quarter profits.

The stock market, after a sharp one-day tumble, found solid ground, rose for four days running. The Dow-Jones industrial average closed the week at 395.90, only a fraction below the week before. Among the leaders: Douglas Aircraft Co., which rose more than ten points to 134½ on the strength of cash dividends totaling \$1.50 and a 3-for-2 stock split.

Elsewhere, the economy showed its strength. Freight-car loadings, a traditional bellwether, climbed to 644,940 v. 602,203 for the previous week. Steel production moved up to 83.2% of capacity and the demand was still firm, still rising.

RAILROADS

A Bill for Bob

What did it cost Robert R. Young to win control of the New York Central? In a footnote to a financial report, Young's Alleghany Corp. last week gave the answer: more than \$1,000,000. Alleghany listed \$1,400,000 in deferred expenditures, "represented substantially by amounts spent in connection with the solicitation of proxies of the New York Central Railroad Co. . . . It is anticipated that Alleghany Corp. will be reimbursed for them during 1955." Bob Young & Co. can well afford to pay the debt. Their Central stock, worth \$25 million at the time of the fight, has since risen to a paper value of \$37 million.

The Central announced last week that its main line from Buffalo to Cleveland will be the first in the system to be cut from four tracks to two for maintenance economy. A new signal and traffic-control



Walter Sanders

RAILROADER YOUNG
Both ways on the same track.

system (with several sidings along the way) will permit operation of trains in both directions on each of the two tracks. Cost of track removal and signal installation: \$7,500,000.

MINING

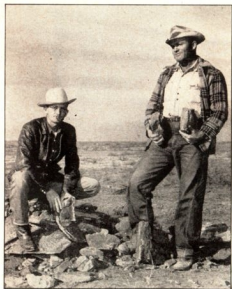
Hot Stuff

Through the West and Southwest last week, the scrape of shovel, drone of plane and click of Geiger counter heralded the spread of uranium fever. As prospectors kept discovering uranium where no one had bothered to look before, Texas reported its first ore finds. Among the developments:

¶ Near Spur, Texas, the four sons of Mrs. T. E. McArthur dug up 30 tons of sandstone outcropping on their mother's ranch, shipped them to Anaconda Copper's uranium mill at Bluewater, N.Mex., and got the report that they had found Texas' first commercial ore. The McArthur boys, busily shoveling up more ore, reported last week: "The deeper we go, the hotter it gets. . . . This shipment is going to average out at 2%, i.e., ten times minimum commercial grade.

¶ Near Tucumcari, N.Mex., Anaconda Copper, Gulf Oil and others were in the field, and the county recorder's office was swamped with 75 new claims in two days, following an Atomic Energy Commission announcement that a radioactive area had been discovered.

¶ In Dallas, two sons of Croesus-rich Oilman H. L. Hunt bought a half-interest in



PROSPECTORS WOODROW & JIMMIE MCARTHUR & MOTHER
"The deeper we go, the hotter it gets."



Kenneth May

TIME CLOCK

Wildcatter Samuel L. Shepherd's water-flood-oil property in and around Oklahoma's Nowata County and his process for leaching uranium out of the ground with water (TIME, Jan. 17). Estimated price: \$400,000. The two Hunts agreed to pay all future costs of development and exploration. Said 38-year-old N. Bunker Hunt: "It wasn't too long ago that we were still mining sulphur like we mine gold. Then someone thought up the idea of melting it and forcing it to the surface with steam, and it revolutionized the industry. I think Shepherd's process may do the same for uranium."

Jeeps with scintillometers roamed the back-country roads along Texas' Cap Rock, an outcrop of red sand and limestone running from Big Spring north to Amarillo. The rumor: the entire 200-mile stretch was hot. Other promising uranium areas were being opened up just across the Oklahoma line above Wichita Falls, in the Hueco Mountains near El Paso and in Brewster County and San Saba.

Around Riverton, Wyo., where Neil McNeice recently struck a rich lode in the Gas Hills area (TIME, Oct. 25), claims were filed at the rate of 300 a week as prospectors dreamed of another "Lucky" mine.

As the uranium fever spread, geological consulting offices opened up in several Texas panhandle towns, lease prices soared from \$1 to \$10 an acre, and papers started running tips for prospectors. Exasperated Texas ranchers, whose tempers have worn thin as prospectors tramped across their land, pressured Texas state legislators to pass a bill giving them more protection against the invasion. Said Chairman William Mather of the Minerals Technology Department of San Antonio's Southwest Research Institute: "Uranium is more widely distributed than anyone thought only a few years ago. The problem now isn't to locate it—it's to find an efficient way to recover it."

WALL STREET

Those Winchell Tips

On his Sunday night broadcasts Columnist Walter Winchell likes to pass out hot tips on stocks to his millions of listeners. Last week some of the heat was on Columnist Winchell himself. In Washington SEC investigators were checking to see if cunning speculators in Florida, where Winchell vacations, had used the columnist to clean up a quick profit at the expense of foolish listeners.

The stock was Pantepec Oil Co., a small company listed on the American Stock Exchange. In his Jan. 9 broadcast Winchell had a "piece of big advance news" that Pantepec had discovered "substantial oil reserves in the El Roble fields in Venezuela," and would hand out a stock dividend.

Actually, as in many cases before, Winchell's news was hardly new. Pantepec had

BILLION-DOLLAR CLUB will soon have its 27th member: Sinclair Oil Corp., with an estimated 1954 gross income of more than \$1 billion and profits of about \$74 million, some \$6,000,000 better than 1953, and equal to \$6 per share.

ALASKAN OIL RUSH has begun at Cook Inlet, just south of Anchorage. So far, Standard Oil of California, Shell Oil, Union Oil and Ohio Oil, plus three smaller groups of independents, have leased some 4,500,000 acres at 25¢ an acre, have drilled three exploratory wells to a depth of 8,000 ft., found traces of gas and oil.

WORLD'S TALLEST BUILDING is planned in Brussels for the 1958 World's Fair. Belgian Cabinet has just approved plans for a 2,034-ft. tower (340 feet taller than Manhattan's Empire State Building) to house TV studios, exposition halls, and café. Cost: about \$20 million.

NORTH AMERICAN CO., once holder of a multi-billion-dollar utility empire (13% of all U.S. power), has finally disappeared from the New York Stock Exchange. After fighting off dissolution under the Holding Company Act for 13 years, North American shareholders last week traded their holdings for 1.7 million shares in St. Louis' Union Electric Co., will soon hand over to Union Electric all remaining assets, including about \$700,000 in cash.

SEARS, ROEBUCK OF MEXICO has just added three stores to the six already in operation, is currently working on a tenth, and will also build a \$4,320,000 radio and TV manufacturing plant to boost its percentage of Mexican-made (or assembled) items from 80% to 90%.

COMMERCIAL TURBOPROP engine will soon be out on the market for U.S. civilian planes by the All-

son division of General Motors. It is the 3,750-h.p. T56 military turboprop now being used to power Lockheed's prototype C-130 troop transport.

ITALIAN OIL WELL has been brought in by Petrosud (privately owned by Italy's Montecatini and Gulf Oil Corp.) with oil at 2,200 ft. in the Abruzzi area 85 miles northeast of Rome, first find in the district. The new well is a big victory for private oilmen in their fight against Italy's state-owned A.G.I.P. (TIME, Nov. 29); the state company had previously explored the area for oil and failed to find a drop.

CANNERY MERGER may be in the works between Consolidated Foods Corp. and Libby, McNeill & Libby, two of the industry's giants. Combined yearly sales of the two companies, which operate 76 major canneries turning out everything from fish to nuts: \$446 million.

OFFICE APARTMENTS, for those who want to live close to their work, will be built in Chicago by Real-Estate Man Arthur Rubloff (TIME, Dec. 27). New 15-story building will have 48 duplexes with first floor offices connected to living quarters above by private stairways. Rental for a 595-sq.-ft. office plus studio apartment: \$225 monthly.

JAPANESE CARTELS, banned under U.S. occupation, are coming back. Japan's Trade Minister has handed over control of all cotton yarn quality to ten big mills, which produce 80% of the country's total. Official reason: small cotton spinners, who get only 5% of raw cotton imports, have been adulterating their yarn with up to 60% rayon staple and other fibers. The small spinners will now probably be forced out of business, since they can no longer pad out their cotton supplies.

FOREIGN TRADE

The Real Picture

Among all the pleaders for high protective tariffs, few voices are stronger than that of the camera and optical industry—and no one has more reason to yell for protection. Germany alone sells 150 different camera models in the U.S.; imports of cameras selling for less than \$5 are equal to 200% of domestic production. On top of that, in four years (1949-53), imports of lenses skyrocketed from 16,000 to 205,000, mostly (38%) from Japan. Before the House Ways and Means Committee this week stepped one of the nation's leading camera makers, President Charles H. Percy, 35, of Chicago's Bell & Howell Co. Percy was there to talk about tariffs all right, but in a way that few camera makers have ever talked. Said he: "I do not represent the photographic industry, for its views are not my views." Percy's view: tariffs should be cut, in line with the Eisenhower

announced its discovery on Nov. 24. The New York Times had already printed a note about it without affecting the market notably. But the week before Winchell's tip, heavy buying, reportedly in Florida, pushed Pantepec's stock volume from 32,000 shares to 174,800, boosted prices from 53 to 64. The Monday following Winchell's broadcast Pantepec sold an all-time record 357,500 shares, at 82, up more than two points. Soon after, Pantepec started dropping, to 71 at week's end. The paper loss to investors on Winchell's tip was an estimated \$500,000, plus another \$100,000 in commissions.

There is no doubt that some speculators are cleaning up on Winchell tips. Many traders, gambling that a Winchell-tipped stock will rise on Monday and then drop, sell it short. In Pantepec the short interest jumped from 500 shares on Dec. 15 to 92,327 shares on Jan. 14. Thus, those who sold the stock short after the tip instead of buying it, have already cleaned up more than \$100,000 on the drop.

AIR FREIGHT

Why & How There Can Be More

IN the high-flying air world, one fledgling that has yet to find its wings is the air-freight business. Of 120 new lines that hopefully started up at the end of World War II, more than 50% went bust. Last year U.S. air freighters flew only 284 million ton-miles of cargo, a 3% gain over 1953, but barely one-tenth of 1% of the total cargo business.

In theory, air cargo is tailor-made for the U.S. economy. It permits companies to transport goods faster, thus cut down on expensive inventories and release valuable working capital for other uses. Warehousing and packaging costs can be cut; pilferage and damage are less of a problem, cutting insurance costs. By flying, a St. Louis shoe manufacturer has reduced inventories 50% for its store chain across the U.S., finds that savings are $\frac{3}{4}$ times the increased transportation costs. But most companies use air freight only for emergency orders or occasional shipments of highly perishable or specialized items (from ladybugs to engine parts) where time is a big factor.

The high price of air transport makes it uneconomical for many companies to ship by plane. Current average rates are 20¢ a ton-mile, v. 1.4¢ a ton-mile for railroads, about 6¢ for trucks. The airlines cannot reduce the rates because their own costs are so high. American Airlines, Pan American and T.W.A. are all expanding air-cargo services; United Airlines jumped its business from 4,500,000 ton-miles in 1946 to 34 million, showed a 23% gain last year alone. Yet so far, not one company has reported a sizable profit from its cargo fleets.

● The high cost is due partly to the fact that ground handling of cargo is done with expensive, old-fashioned methods. According to a University of Tennessee survey, "an estimated 80% of total in-transit time for air freight is consumed by slow and inefficient ground handling." Only a small number of the major U.S. airports have separate air-freight terminals; most lines process their freight through passenger terminals or makeshift sheds. Furthermore, most cargo planes flying today are not suited to the job, are hard to load and unload, often have high maintenance costs.

To solve its own transport problems, the U.S. Air Force is now experimenting with a plan that may provide the best answer yet for the air-cargo industry. The plan is to start a complete air-freight system from the ground up and run it as carefully as the best air-passenger operation. To test its ideas,

the Air Force has been flying small-scale experiments in Europe since 1953 with C-119 Flying Boxcars, which have huge, low-slung cargo bays for easy loading and carrying of goods. Called the Air Logistics Service, the Air Force cargo line carries up to 4,000 tons of high-priority freight each month on a regular schedule between bases in twelve nations. By planning everything well in advance, putting all cargo on pre-packed loading pallets, which can be lifted into planes in a single piece to cut loading time, the Air Force has managed to increase its combat-ready strength in Europe by the dollar equivalent of \$345 million. At the same time, it has chopped spare-parts inventories by 50%. In the U.S., the Air Force flies cargo schedules between 15 "traffic generation centers" with 18 chartered civilian planes and crews. Costs for the operation: about 15¢ a ton-mile, v. 50¢ normally figured for military air freight.

● The idea has been so successful that the Air Force will soon start up its first full-time, full-scale transatlantic air-cargo service. Studies show that 60% of the dollar cost of the current supply line is composed of items weighing only 10% of the total freight tonnage. By flying such lightweight, high-cost items instead of sending them by ship, the Air Force hopes to save both time and money. At first, five types of jet engines will be flown from overseas bases to the U.S. for overhaul, then back again. Ordinarily, the overhaul cycle takes 270 days. By airlift, the Air Force hopes to cut the process to 100 days, thus cut the number of engines (costing up to \$78,000 apiece) in the pipeline by 25%. Cargo will be specially packed, loaded by new methods; all papers will be processed by new electronic computers that can do a week's paper work in a matter of minutes. Civilian air-freight lines will do most of the actual flying, and as new transport planes are developed, they may be put into the airlift to give civilian freighters their first experience with planes specifically designed for swift, economical cargo flying. Douglas is developing a huge four-engine transport called the C-132 that can carry 80 tons of cargo at more than 350 m.p.h. Lockheed already has a prototype flying of its C-130, which has four turboprop engines, a 2,000-mile range and cargo capacity of 40,000 lbs. The new plane will cruise close to 350 m.p.h., bring costs down as low as 4¢ a ton-mile, and make flying freight as cheap as or cheaper than hauling it along the highway.

Administration's program, and specifically those on cameras and lenses.

Fact Omitted. Percy knows his foreign competition. Before World War II, said he, Bell & Howell brought out a high-priced 35-mm. still camera, lost \$1,250,000 competing with foreign manufacturers. "The temptation, of course, was great to seek higher tariff protection, [but] we felt that we had no right to ask the American people to pay a higher price for foreign cameras simply because we had decided to go into this field. In 1952 we discontinued production of the camera."

One of the chief protectionist arguments is that tariffs are needed to safeguard vital defense industries. Said Percy: "Our industry points with alarm to the fact that because of foreign competition there are perhaps no more than 2,000 optical workers in the U.S. This may be true; but the industry fails to mention the fact that in the process of learning the optical grinding business, we have radically changed and improved the methods used in Germany and other countries for hundreds of years. As a result, the present unit productivity of our 2,000 workers is probably greater than the productivity of our optical grinding industry during the war."

Criterion Defined. Can U.S. industry compete with low-cost foreign labor? Yes, said Percy. "The true criterion of cost is not dollars or cents per hour of labor but rather total labor cost per unit produced." For example, when Bell & Howell paid its workers 40¢ an hour years ago, it turned out a movie camera for \$49.95. Now, though it pays upwards of \$2 an hour, the company still can make a \$49.95 camera, and a better one at that. Reason: "The highly paid American worker has become the most efficient in the world, two to ten times as productive as his European counterpart."

The trouble with most tariff boosters, said Percy, is that they are apt to let their fears obscure their vision, forgetting that world trade "can mean business gained rather than business lost . . . As foreign nations increase their business in this country they increase their ability to buy in this country . . . In this respect the American eagle on the dollar ultimately becomes a homing pigeon."

MODERN LIVING

Motorized Future

At the rate of 50 a minute, 120,000 people swarmed into Manhattan's Waldorf-Astoria last week to inspect General Motors' annual road show, the Motorama for 1955. On display were more than 100 exhibits, and, as usual, the stars were G.M.'s cars of the future. But this time there was a difference. In past years the dream cars were almost all flashy sports models; this year they looked as if they might be next year's production models. Pontiac, for instance, featured the Strato-Star, a six-passenger hardtop; Oldsmobile showed off its Delta, a four-passenger hardtop. Flashiest of the fleet was the LaSalle II sports



Are 9 to 5 business hours really adequate?

IF THE MAJOR responsibility for a business rests on your shoulders, you probably smile (a bit wryly!) at the idea of being through by any 5 P.M.

Chances are, problems gang up and force you to put in more extra hours than you care to think about. So it's understandable if you haven't added to your burden by worrying about what would happen if the records you need to stay in business were destroyed in a sudden fire. After all, your building is fireproof. Your

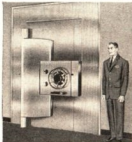
records are in a big, safe-looking safe. And, anyway, what if they were burned? You'd get by. You'd collect on all that fire insurance!

Sounds logical. But it's based on dangerous assumptions, not these facts! A fireproof building will wall-in a fire, make it hotter. An old safe, or any safe without the Underwriters' label will very likely incinerate your records. And you won't collect that fire insurance fully, unless you provide "proof-of-loss within 60 days",

practically impossible without records. Don't take such a risk! 43 out of 100 firms that lose their records in a fire never reopen! If your safe is old, or doesn't bear the Underwriters' label, or carries a lower rating than your risk calls for—replace it! Get the safe that has never failed, the famous Mosler "A" Label Safe. Look below. See why it's the world's best protection. Then look up Mosler in the phone book . . . or mail coupon for free FIRE "DANGERater."



The Mosler "A" Label Record Safe will withstand 4 hours of severe fire at 2,000° F. Handsome. Modern. Equipped with "Counter Spy" Lock. Full range of sizes—at lower prices than most people guess!



80% of leading U.S. banks rely on Mosler protective equipment. Mosler built the Fort Knox Gold Vaults and the vaults that withstood the Hiroshima Atom Bomb. Only Mosler safes are backed by such a reputation!

IF IT'S MOSLER . . . IT'S SAFE

The **Mosler Safe** *Company*
Since 1848



Free! Tells your risk!

Please send me your FIRE "DANGERater," which will dial my risk in 30 seconds. Accurate! Authentic. Easy to use. Figures in all vital hazards. Also, send me your new Mosler Record Safe catalog.

The MOSLER SAFE Company, Dept. T1, 320 Fifth Avenue, New York 1, N.Y.

NAME POSITION
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CITY ZONE STATE

The PACKAGING NEWSfront

A leading coffee company has licked an unusual packaging problem and reduced packaging costs with zippered Bemis Waterproof Bags. This experience points the way for producers of various types of products which need economical, reusable containers that provide special protection.

This coffee company has a roasting and grinding plant in one city, and a grinding and packaging plant in another large city, about 150 miles distant. Roasted coffee beans are trucked from the first city to the second to be ground and packaged.

The need was for an economical, reusable container that would prevent contamination and also preserve the coffee flavor and aroma.

Zippered Bemis Waterproof (laminated textile) Bags met all requirements and the company reports that the bags are good for at least sixty round trips, bringing the container cost down to about 2½ cents per trip.

Bemis



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"Where Quality is a Responsibility and Fair Dealing an Obligation"



Tommy Weber

FRIGIDAIRE'S KITCHEN OF TOMORROW What's going on in the nursery?

roadster, a low-slung (42.8-in.-high) model with a reinforced glass-fiber body and an experimental 150-h.p., V-6 engine that G.M. engineers hope will enable them to cut down on engine space in the future.

For hot-rodders' wives, G.M.'s Frigidaire division showed off a "kitchen of tomorrow." At the touch of a button, chopping boards and ovens swing into convenient reach. Knives are practically handed to the cook. Cooking surfaces fold back into the wall when not in use, hard-to-reach shelves glide down to shoulder level at the touch of a hand, refrigerators automatically serve cold water, ice cubes or crushed ice. On one side of the kitchen there is a "home-planner's desk" with a TV set that can be tuned so the housewife can peer into the living room and nursery or see who is at the front door. The telephone has an amplifying unit so that the cook can carry on a conversation from anywhere in the kitchen without touching the phone. Heavy roasts can be moved by nudging a traveling tray that hangs from the ceiling; food can be carried outdoors on a serving cart powered by a battery. With dual-control ovens, a meal can be started in the kitchen and finished from an adjoining patio. For barbecues in the house there is a special gadget that passes charcoal or hickory smoke through the oven.

same time it boosted horsepower on its old 1955 Commanders from 140 to 162, on Presidents from 175 to 185. Reason for the midseason retooling was to help Studebaker compete with the Big Three's high-h.p. wraparound windshield models.

BUSINESS ABROAD Flying High in Spain

To U.S. airlines, harassed by passengers who fail to show up for reservations, Spain is an airline paradise. Iberia, the Spanish government's airline, has more passengers than it can handle. Almost every seat on every flight is filled; often the only way to wangle a ride is by a special letter of introduction to the pilot. Last week Iberia proudly announced its gross for 1954: \$12,500,000, an alltime record. With more planes gross income could have been twice as much. Said one Iberia executive: "It's just gotten too big for us. We have to refuse hundreds of people every day."

Potholes & Safety Belts. The reason for Iberia's booming business is simply that flying is the best way to get around in Spain. By rail, the 312-mile trip to Barcelona from Madrid takes all day, costs \$9.50 on a rattletap train. Highway travel is just as bad—over narrow, potholed, mountainous roads. But in one of Iberia's 32 British and American planes (mostly Douglas DC-3s and DC-4s), the Barcelona trip takes less than two hours, costs only \$11.50.

The line has grown so fast that it has little time or inclination for the frills U.S. airlines use to tempt passengers. The planes that fly its routes to six Spanish cities and to 28 others stretching across four continents are plainly decorated, sometimes even dirty. Often on domestic runs, Iberia has no stewardesses. "The Spanish temperament defies authority," said one resigned official. "We used

AUTOS

1955½ Models

Studebaker, which showed off its 1955 models early in October, last week did something rare in the auto industry. It brought out an entire series of new cars, which wags promptly dubbed "1955½ models." In its basic Champion, Commander and President lines, Studebaker had 16 new sedan and station-wagon models with wraparound windshields, sportier dashboards and more horsepower. At the

to have a flight attendant check the seat belts, but our passengers were infuriated. Now we just leave them alone."

Across the Atlantic. Iberia has not always flown in such balmy weather. Starting in 1927 with four noisy, German-made, trimotor planes, it made not a single peseta until 1946. After several reorganizations, the original airline went under, after serving the Loyalist cause during the Spanish civil war. Its successor was started in 1937 by Franco, who needed a transport service, and asked Germany's Lufthansa for help. But in World War II, when Britain and the U.S. warned Spain to cancel its agreement with Germany or lose its gasoline supplies, Franco nationalized the company, has since bought up the stock from private investors.

Today, under President Jesus Rubio Paz, who started as a pilot in 1937, Iberia is beginning to expand into the transatlantic market. Last August the line inaugurated its first U.S.-Madrid flight with three nonstop Lockheed Super-Constellations, bought entirely with its own profits. Says President Paz, whose three new Super-Connies are named the *Pinta*, *Niña*, and *Santa Maria*, after Columbus' tiny fleet: "Our crossings will build a sort of aerial bridge, subtle and invisible, on the common ground of friendship."

RETAIL TRADE

The TV Sharpers

For months, a flood of complaints about misleading radio-TV commercials poured into the offices of the New York Better Business Bureau and Kings County (Brooklyn) District Attorney Edward S. Silver. To nail the offenders, Silver had policemen and policewomen pose as residents of apartments that were wired with tape recorders. The couples would answer the commercials, record the salesman's spiel when he called on them.

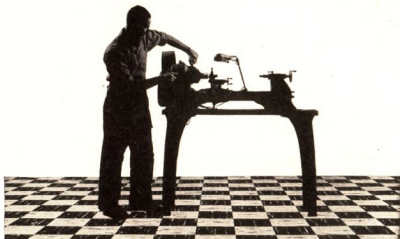
Last week Silver charged that at least 15 sellers of vacuum cleaners, food freezers, storm windows, "have gyped . . . our public out of millions." For example, the decoy couples called a station about a sewing machine advertised at \$26.50. They were visited by a sharper who confided that the machine was not very good; its needle was apt to snap under heavy strain and could not be replaced. Then he offered a \$50 discount on a \$180.50 model.

By such tactics, said Silver, the sewing-machine agency was able to peddle 3,500 machines last year, for about \$600,000. Only 36 persistent people could be found who had been able to buy the \$26.50 model. In another case, an upholstering firm that advertised a \$69 renovating job on the air made an average sale of \$160 on responses, for a total \$117,000 last year. Warned Silver: "People were just inviting the burglar into their homes."

Last week a grand-jury investigation of the commercials was scheduled by County Judge Samuel Leibowitz. And as a warning, the judge "invited" 22 top radio-TV executives to send representatives to watch the proceedings.



from the **president's office**



to the **machine shop**

KENFLEX floors cut maintenance costs

Many business executives choose colorful KenFlex because it makes sales and office areas so much more inviting and attractive. Others specify it for its rugged durability under the harshest working conditions.

To every user, KenFlex brings a great money-saving bonus: *easy maintenance*. The smooth, non-porous vinyl surface resists marring by heavy traffic, staining by fats, foodstuffs and industrial chemicals, and shrugs off grit, grease and grime. That's why KenFlex is so easily kept new-looking by quick damp mopping. Waxing is never needed, except for added lustre.

Get full details on KenFlex and the other fine Kentile, Inc. resilient tile floors from your Kentile Flooring Contractor or write Kentile, Inc., Brooklyn 15, N. Y.

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HAUSERMAN MOVABLE WALLS

**Save \$86,223
in 15 Years**

IN UPHOHN

RESEARCH LABORATORY BUILDING

Since 1939, revolutionary developments in pharmaceuticals have resulted in constantly changing floor space requirements for leading producers in that field. The Uphohn Company, Kalamazoo, Michigan, has found it easy to meet those space requirements . . . easy to maintain high efficiency in its Research Laboratory Building . . . with walls that can be taken down and re-erected again and again—Hauserman Movable Walls. To meet these necessary rearrangements with ordinary tile and plaster walls would have cost approximately \$167,373 . . . not including the expense of lost productive time during remodeling. With Hauserman Movable Walls, the rearrangements have been made in hours, rather than in weeks, at a savings of \$86,223.

Result: During the past two years, The Uphohn Company has installed approximately 5 miles of Hauserman Movable Walls in its new main plant in Kalamazoo. Isn't there an idea here for you?

Hauserman

Movable Interiors

FREE BOOKLET! Describes the cost-saving advantages of movable steel walls for every non-residential application . . . also reports how eight companies saved \$575,363 with Hauserman Movable Walls. Write for your copy today.



THE E. F. HAUSERMAN COMPANY
7501 Grant Avenue • Cleveland 5, Ohio

Please send your free booklet to:

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Company _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

HIGH FINANCE

Any Bonds Today?

The U.S. Treasury, which likes nothing better than to sell bonds, was disturbed last week for a strange reason: it was selling too many. In towns and cities through the South and East, the demand was so great that banks were running out of savings bonds. Reason for the rush: a new person-to-person chain letter in which bonds change hands instead of money.

"This is a giveaway wealth campaign," said some of the letters. "Give away two \$25 U.S. savings bonds and get \$38,400 back. Worth \$51,200 in ten years." The get-rich-quick scheme, starting in the South last fall, spread into New York and New England last week. Each participant buys two bonds (total outlay: \$37.50), gives one to his sponsor and pops the receipt for the other in the mail to the person on the top of an eleven-name list. He then knocks the top name off, and adds his to the bottom. Then he lines up two friends, collects a bond apiece from them (thus gets his money back), and makes sure that they each mail a bond to the new No. 1 man. By the time a bond buyer gets to the top, he theoretically should receive 2,048 bonds in the mail.

Dubious Treasury officials last week issued a warning against the plan. But such lucky bond buyers as Used-Car Dealer Cliff Pettit of Knoxville, Tenn., who with his wife and son has already received 252 bonds in the mail, were happily counting up their riches.

PERSONNEL

Changes of the Week

❑ Peter Wolf Hires, 32, was named president of Philadelphia's Charles E. Hires Co. (root beer), succeeding E. W. David, who is retiring. Peter, whose father remains board chairman, is the grandson of Pharmacist Charles E. Hires Sr., who brewed an "herb tea" of roots, bark and herbs, served it hot, and founded the company in 1876. (Later, it was served cold, renamed "root beer" to wean upstate Pennsylvania coal miners away from beer, and became, for a time, the biggest-selling U.S. soft drink.) Young Peter Hires left Haverford College before graduation to drive a company truck, became a salesman, and rose to be general merchandising manager. He expects to boost 1954 sales of nearly \$10 million by 20% by being "a lot more aggressive."

❑ Edward H. Weitzen, 35, was elected president of Cincinnati's Gruen Watch Co., succeeding Morris Edwards, who resigned. A graduate of City College of New York ('38), Weitzen worked for a Manhattan ad agency, the *Journal of Commerce*. He became a buck private in 1942, was soon commissioned, rose to lieutenant colonel at 26. He joined Bulova Watch Co. in 1945 as a junior executive, became assistant to the president in six months, rose to sales and merchandising vice president in 1950. Last year he joined Manhattan's American Machine & Foundry as vice president for marketing, from



Tom Greene, Jr.—Knoxville *Journal*
CAR DEALER PETTIT

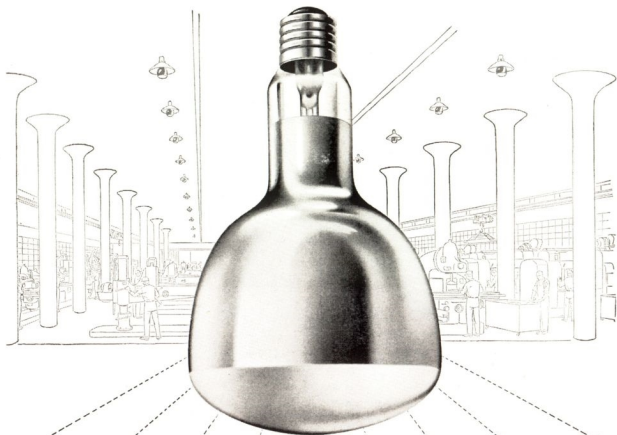
Gravy for the No. 1 man.

which he resigned before coming to Gruen. ❑ Atherton Bean, 44, was named president of Minneapolis' International Milling Co. (world's second largest flour miller, after General Mills), succeeding Charles Ritz, 63, who moved up to chairman. Bean's grandfather founded the firm in 1892, and his father, Francis A. Bean, is retiring as chairman. The new president is an honor graduate of Minnesota's Carleton College ('31), and Rhodes scholar. He joined International in 1937, had a wartime stint at OPA and in Army Intelligence. He was made executive vice president in 1944 and has concentrated on modernizing the mills.



Jules Schick

HIRE'S HIRSES
Herb tea for the miners.



The better factory lamp that banished reflector cleaning forever

DIRTY LAMP REFLECTORS WASTE LIGHT. Cleaning them costs money; slows plant traffic. To put an end to these twin nuisances, Sylvania Research engineers designed a "high bay" lamp with the reflector *inside* the glass envelope, where dust and grime can never reach it.

By making the reflector an integral part of the lamp, illuminating efficiency is greatly improved, too. The Sylvania R-52 Reflector Lamp concentrates a clear, bright light directly on the working area. The R-52 gives more usable light for the same wattage—plus total freedom from reflector maintenance costs.

Now—in factories, processing plants and

foundries across the nation—this outstanding Sylvania lamp is giving more light at lower cost; setting new high standards for industrial illumination.

Sylvania R-52 Reflector Lamps are available in 500-watt and 750-watt sizes. For help with your industrial lighting problems, call your Sylvania Representative or write to Dept. 5L-1403, Sylvania.

SYLVANIA ELECTRIC PRODUCTS INC.
Lighting Division, Salem, Massachusetts
*In Canada: Sylvania Electric (Canada) Ltd.
University Tower Building, St. Catherine Street,
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NEW ISSUE

January 20, 1955

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The Income Fund of Boston, Inc.

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Price \$10 per share

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HAYDEN, STONE & Co.

MILESTONES

Marriage Revealed. Gilbert Roland (real name: Luis Antonio Damazo de Alonso), 49, Mexican-born Latin lover of the silent screen (*Camille*) turned character actor (*My Six Convicts*); and Guillermina Cantu, 29, a Mexico City socialite; he for the second time (his first: Cinematress Constance Bennett), she for the first; in Yuma, Ariz., Dec. 12.

Divorced. Alfred ("Harry") Renton Bridges, 53, Australian-born boss of the West Coast's International Longshoremen's & Warehousemen's Union; by his second wife, Nancy Fenton Berdicio Bridges, 42, onetime professional dancer; after eight years of marriage, one child; in Reno.

Died. Robert Peter Tristram Coffin, 62, Pulitzer Prize-winning (for *Strange Holiness* in 1936) Maine poet, novelist (*Lost Paradise*, *Red Sky in the Morning*), regional historian (*Kennebec: Cradle of Americans*), lecturer and professor of English at Maine's Bowdoin College; of a heart attack; in Portland, Me. Raised on a Maine saltwater farm, Coffin began writing poetry while a Rhodes scholar at Oxford, soon became a popular favorite for his nostalgic ballads of Maine life and Maine people. An ardent believer in poetry as a popular art, he read his works to audiences all over the U.S., inveighed against the "shoddy and jaded intellectualism" of most modern poets, called instead for "instances of beauty that make mankind feel well and hopeful about life."

Died. August S. Duesenberg, 75, builder (with his brother Fred) of the famed luxury automobiles and racers that bore his name; of a heart ailment; in Camby, Ind. First manufactured in 1911, the Duesenberg racer dominated the Indianapolis Speedway 500-mile race throughout the 1920s. From 1929 until 1937, when the Depression killed the demand for high-priced cars (\$13,000 and up), the rakish silhouette and high-powered motor (325 h.p. with supercharger, 265 h.p. without) of the celebrated Duesenberg "model J" passenger car made it a favorite with the U.S. and European quality trade, and a model from which manufacturers borrowed features since incorporated in mass-produced American cars.

Died. Emile Gauguin, 81, retired construction engineer, elder son of Painter Paul Gauguin and Mette Gad, the Danish wife whom Gauguin deserted to follow a painting career; of bronchial pneumonia; in Englewood, Fla. Although he owned only one of his father's works, a pencil sketch of his mother, Emile Gauguin staunchly defended his father's reputation, in 1941 threatened to sue United Artists if they used any Gauguin art in the movie version of Somerset Maugham's *The Moon and Sixpence*, claiming that it would identify the disreputable hero with his father (see Books).

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Blue Ribbon Farming



PROTECTIVE MISTS from John Bean power sprayers aid agriculturists in growing bigger and better crops free from insects and disease.

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PIGS BECOME HOGS up to 30 days sooner with Oakes special feeders and waterers. Chicken growers too depend on Oakes poultry equipment.

A product of FMC's Oakes Manufacturing Co., Inc.



LIFE-GIVING WATER for thirsty acres is supplied by Shur-Rane Portable irrigation systems and Peerless deep-well turbine pumps.

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DEATH-DEALING DUSTS to safeguard row-crops and other plantings from infestation are applied by Niagara dusting machines.

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BETTER HARVESTING is done with John Bean potato harvesters which mechanically dig, gather and load tons of trash-free potatoes per hour.

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HARNESSED POWER is provided by versatile Bolens Garden tractors and M-E Rotary tillers to perform countless farm chores the year 'round.

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This is an example of how FMC's diversified lines of divisional products and equipment serve agriculture and industry, through creative research and practical engineering. For the complete story, write for fully illustrated brochure PRA-1054, "PUTTING IDEAS TO WORK."



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• Simplex Packaging Machinery • Sanith Industries • Stokes & Smith Co. • Chicago Pump • Oakes Mfg. Co. • Kingsbury & Davis Mach. Co. • Milwaukee Equip. Mfg. Co.

BOOKS

The Minutes of a Murder

THE DAY LINCOLN WAS SHOT (304 pp.)
—Jim Bishop—Harper (\$3.75).

The triumph and tragedy of Abraham Lincoln remains one of the great stories of U.S. history, and the poets, professors and politicians never tire of telling it in all its phases. Now an oldtime rewrite man has moved in, read 7,000,000 words of evidence about Lincoln's murder, and recast the familiar facts with startling, tabloid immediacy. In the course of his relentless, clock's-tick chronicle of the crucial hours, Jim Bishop, once of the *New York News* and *Mirror* and now editor of the *Catholic Digest*, sticks to police-blotter facts—

While Booth galloped over the Navy Yard bridge into southern Maryland, official Washington collapsed in "inert panic." Instead of directing pursuit of the assassin, the capital's police chief, who was in the audience and saw him, rushed off to tell his detectives to gather witnesses. Four soldiers bore the mortally wounded President to a tailor's house across from the theater. Word flashed that an attacker had stabbed Secretary of State Seward, bedridden by a recent accident. Washington's army commandant, General Christopher C. Augur, sent patrols out helter-skelter and waited for orders from his kiel, Secretary of War Edwin M. Stanton. With another Cabinet member, Stanton hurried from the bedside of Seward



THE DEATH OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN
Two silver coins on the eyes.

Courtesy of Stefan Lorant

and makes the state of the nation's security on April 14, 1865 look appalling.

Hundreds of Terrorists? At 10:15 p.m., as the Lincolns sat watching *Our American Cousin* at Ford's Theatre, John Wilkes Booth made his way unnoticed into the presidential box, fired a bullet into the back of the President's head, and escaped across the stage to his horse in the back alley. Where was Lincoln's bodyguard? John F. Parker, of the Washington police force, was drinking at a bar next door; he had deserted his post at the door to the presidential box, through which the assassin passed. Who was Parker? A questionable type with black marks on his police-force record (all kept from Lincoln). There was an uproar from the theater and a terrible cry that the President had been shot, but Parker was not heard from until 6 the next morning, when he turned in a streetwalker to show that he had not been idle. Never punished, Parker served three more years on the force before he was fired for sleeping on duty.

to the tailor's house and set up a frantic headquarters there. While the President lay bleeding in a hall bedroom and Mrs. Lincoln screamed and wept in the front parlor, Stanton "convened a special court of inquiry . . . issued orders, wrote messages . . . summoned high personages . . . and took the reins of government."

Sure that "hundreds of terrorists were in Washington City," he ordered all firemen on the alert against possible mass arson. Without bothering about legal authority, he ordered the arrest of "every human being" employed at Ford's Theatre.

He ordered out 8,000 soldiers and dispatched patrols in every direction except the one which Booth took (Stanton erroneously assumed that the wartime 9 o'clock closing of the Navy Yard bridge was still enforced). The telegraph went dead. Army units searched and arrested blindly.

An Old Tip. The witnesses who streamed in and out of Stanton's improvised HQ all identified Booth as the assassin. In a belated roundup of stablekeepers,

army troops found a man who had kept Booth's horse for him till late afternoon. Not until five hours after the shooting did Stanton name the actor in his communiqués, and most U.S. newspapers went to press that morning without naming the assassin.

Finally, someone remembered a month-old tip that a plot was being hatched in a boardinghouse run by Mrs. Mary Surratt. Authorities hurried to the address, found documents and clues that persuaded Stanton that Actor Booth was responsible. As day broke, Stanton ordered all exits from the capital checked again, and decided that Booth had probably got away into southern Maryland. Then, as troopers rode out along the Potomac (it took twelve days to corner and kill Booth), Stanton and Mrs. Lincoln entered the little bedroom where Lincoln lay on a cornhusk mattress. Outside, a throng of weeping people, mainly Negroes, waited in the damp street. Cavalry horses were tied four and five to a picket post along the block. Newsboys ran past, shouting: "Assassination!" At the Baltimore & Ohio terminal, all train traffic stopped as detectives searched passengers, trainmen, mail bags. It was 7:22 a.m. The surgeon general of the United States leaned across the bed and placed two silver coins on the President's eyes.

The Secretary of War rose to the occasion. "Now he belongs to the ages," he said.

Saga of a Stockbroker

NOBLE SAVAGE: THE LIFE OF PAUL GAUGUIN (299 pp.)—Lawrence & Elisabeth Hanson—Random House (\$5).

Every reader of Somerset Maugham's *The Moon and Sixpence* knows who Eugène-Henri-Paul Gauguin was: the middle-aged Paris stockbroker who callously turned his back on business and family, fled to Tahiti and became a great painter amid the palm trees and dusky native maids. Devoted Gauguinists have damned the Maugham novel (in which the thinly disguised Gauguin is actually an Englishman named Charles Strickland) as sixpennyworth of moonshine. But they have never managed to scotch it. They never will, because the tale is essentially true.

Gauguin's latest biographers, the Hansons, are a British husband-and-wife team who have successfully sunk their teeth into some big, meaty subjects, including *Necessary Evil: The Life of Jane Welsh Carlyle* (TIME, May 19, 1952) and *Chinese Gordon* (TIME, May 31). Gauguin is an even tougher order, not only because he needs explaining as an artist who helped change the face of painting, but because he has become a symbol of the conflict between art and breadwinning, artistic duty and normal social responsibility. In their fine study, the Hansons' own sympathy is with the artist, but never to a point where they try to

* With one of her boarders and six other men, Mrs. Surratt was arrested. She and three of the men died on the gallows three months later; the others went to prison. One died in prison, but in 1869 the others were pardoned.



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GAUGUIN: SELF-PORTRAIT & NUDE Underneath, a dream of Walter Mitty.



Hyperion Press; Carlsberg Glyptotek, Copenhagen

suppress or distort the other side of the conflict.

Nudists at Tea. "I had no idea that he had a leaning toward the arts," Mme. Gauguin used to wail, in later years—much as a lifer's wife might wail: "I had no idea he was going to Sing Sing!" Mette Gad was a Danish civil servant's daughter, a handsome, white-skinned Juno (Gauguin favored husky women) who met her fate on a jaunt to Paris in 1873. Paul Gauguin was a strapping fellow with a bull neck, a great beak of a nose, and hooded, blue-green eyes. His stockbroker's black business suit sat strangely on him because he looked like a pirate chief and walked with the rolling sway of a seaman. He had spent part of his childhood in Peru (where his mother took him to visit relatives after his journalist father died). In his teens, Paul ran away to sea and put in six years before the mast. "Oh, I was a great rascal!" he would later say, "a remarkable liar."

In the early years of marriage, painting was one of several Gauguin hobbies; he also fenced and played billiards. Mette thought Paul's pictures were very pretty and perfectly respectable (at first, they were). The clash came when Paul began buying paintings by a group of eccentrics who were called Impressionists—Manet, Monet, Pissarro, Renoir. They were then looked upon by the French art world as something like a bunch of nudists at a bishop's tea. By the time Mette had borne her third child, father Gauguin had joined the Impressionist club.

His *Study of a Nude* (1880) "came into being like a bolt from the blue" and shattered a tradition "established through centuries." In *Study*, Gauguin painted Justine, his children's nurse, "sitting [naked] on her bed mending her chemise. Her shoulders droop . . . her breasts . . . sag, her belly protrudes . . . her flesh is a little slack." She was "a girl of our own day," wrote a lone enthusiastic critic, "neither lascivious nor

simpering, who occupies herself usefully by mending her clothes."

Three years after painting *Study of a Nude*, Gauguin came home one day with the news that he had left the stock exchange; henceforth, he told Mette, he intended to be a full-time painter. Moreover, he assured his alarmed and angry wife, he was going to make a heap of money out of art.

Echoes on Granite. It took less than two years for Painter Gauguin to become a homeless, penniless beggar.

He and Mette and the five children took refuge with Mette's family in Copenhagen. His first taste of poverty and humiliation brought out the worst in him: he once hid behind the women's bathing place at the beach and surprised a pastor's wife in the nude; another time he strolled into the drawing room wearing only a shirt. A year later, Gauguin took off for Paris with one child, leaving his wife and the other children behind. "When my sabots echo on the granite," he said, "I hear the sound, loud and strong, that I'm looking for in painting."

Thanks to the generous mistress of a Breton pension, Gauguin painted in peace on a full belly. Restlessly driven back to Paris and semi-starvation, the man who had once speculated so brilliantly on the stock exchange was now looking for common stock in El Dorado. Boundless wealth, he kept assuring Mette (who resolutely sat tight in Denmark), was just around the corner—in Tobago, for instance, where they would "have to do nothing but dig up gold with a spade and shovel." Gauguin actually got as far as Panama on their Tobago road, but the only gold he managed to dig up was the navy's pay Gauguin got for working on the new canal. From there he pushed on to Martinique: "Paradise, after Panama," he wrote. And the women! "Pretty, my goodness! . . . They do their best to enslave me."

Gauguin finally settled down in Tahiti, where he did his most dazzling work. It

is almost impossible to believe that his pictures were painted by a man whose legs were corroded by eczema, and who ended up, half blind, "swinging slowly in the hammock, moaning, cursing."

"The difference between us," Gauguin once wrote his wife, "is the difference between . . . the mediocre and the creative."

Monstrous Notion. The blunt fact emerging from this biography is that not even the greatest artist has the right to tell a mother of five that she is not "creative." Although Gauguin has left posterity a host of fine paintings, he has also left it hugging the monstrous notion that (in Shaw's words) "the true artist will let his wife starve, his children go barefoot, his mother drudge for his living . . . if only the sacrifice of them enable him to . . . paint a finer picture."

Ironically, until close to the end (at the age of 54, in 1903), Gauguin believed that he would soon be rich, that he and his wife and children would be reunited, and that he would again be the slippered Papa at the family hearth. The Walter Mittys of this world dream of becoming Paul Gauguins; they will be astonished to hear how the Gauguins dream of becoming Walter Mittys.

The Bloomer Philosopher

HUMAN SOCIETY IN ETHICS AND POLITICS (227 pp.)—Bertrand Russell—Simon & Schuster (\$3.50).

In a seminar on leading contemporary philosophers at New York University, Professor Sidney Hook once asked his class: "What is Bertrand Russell's philosophy?" "Russell is a materialist," said one student. "An idealist," said another. "A realist," "a rationalist," said still others. The students quickly got the professor's point—that there was an element of truth in each of their answers. "The next time anyone asks you, 'What is Bertrand Russell's philosophy?'" Professor Hook said, "the correct answer is 'What year, please?'"

In his 83rd year, Bertrand Arthur William, Earl Russell is busier taking up old stances than throwing fresh philosophical punches. For one brief moment in the preface of his latest book *Human Society in Ethics and Politics*, the old philosopher gets set to floor all previous Russells with one haymaking swing. He quotes with approval a famous epigram of David Hume: "Reason is, and ought only to be, the slave of the passions." Though he claims to believe this, Russell, like Philosopher Hume, is not entirely happy about it, and proves it by launching into his favorite fable—how sweet Grandmother Reason is gobbled up by the big bad wolf called Passion.

Leviticus Says No. He tells the story, wittily and well, by putting the problem of ethics on a kind of analyst's couch and dredging up its troubled case history. The childhood of ethics, in the Russell view, is taboo. Taboo morality is a strict black-and-white affair filled with dread and sanctions, the ethics of primitive man. Taboo lingers on, Russell feels, in the pop-

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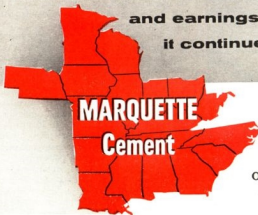
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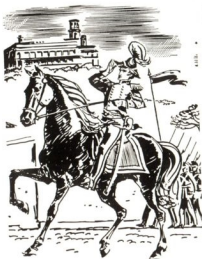


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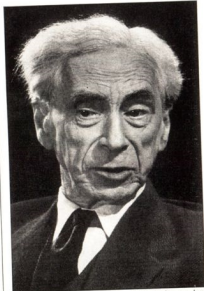
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ular objections to euthanasia and birth control. Russell asks: "Suppose atomic bombs had reduced the population of the world to one brother and sister; should they let the human race die out? I do not know the answer, but I do not think it can be in the affirmative merely on the ground that the infant is wicked."

The problem of ethics grows as it is touched by religion. Biblical authority, says Russell, is sometimes contradictory: "Should a childless widow marry her deceased husband's brother? *Leviticus* says no, *Deuteronomy* says yes (*Leviticus* 20: 21; *Deuteronomy* 25:5)."

Knowledge Is Virtue. An unswerving atheist, Russell is convinced that "all faiths do harm." He defines faith as "a firm belief in something for which there is no evidence." The code of ethics with which Russell would like to supplant the traditional code ironically demands a good



Peter Anderson—LIFE

EARL RUSSELL

The big, bad wolf gets grandmother.

deal of faith. The concepts of "good" and "bad," says Russell, should replace those of "right" and "wrong." A good act would be one in which the "intrinsic value" to the individual is most compatible with the general good of mankind.

Essentially, Russell's utopia is a strongly libertarian Garden of Eden where knowledge is virtue and no one has enough free will to choose to do evil. Russell is not unaware of the serpents of danger in the world, but he offers to charm them with never-never tunes that have become more conventional than convincing: 1) world government; 2) world prosperity; 3) worldwide birth control; 4) more individual initiative and decentralization of economic and political power.

Philosopher Russell's brand of logic is still interesting—an exhibit of a kind of world view that once seemed bold and Promethean. Today, while it still commands many followers, it seems to others as outmoded as bloomers.

MISCELLANY

The Word. In Fort Worth, Mrs. M. E. Johnson complained to the city council that her tavern business was suffering from a plague of divinity students who clustered so thickly outside her door preaching sidewalk sermons that prospective customers had to elbow their way to the bar.

Still, Small Voice. In Milwaukee, sentenced to two years for stealing a jacket and towel, Gerald F. Russell admitted that he had no use for either, explained lamely: "I guess every person has a little larceny in his heart."

Dial Tone. In Pacific Beach, Calif., telephone repairmen uncrossed the wires leading into the home of Robert J. Schroeder after Schroeder and his neighbors complained that every time his telephone rang it set off the air raid siren across the street.

Rebate. In Jackson, Miss., former State Beverage Co. Employee Wade Bowman, 24, confessed that he had robbed the firm of \$5,000, explained: "They took \$8 out of my check every week for taxes, and that's too much."

Do As I Say. At Sassafras River, Md., U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service agents arrested four duck hunters for exceeding the daily limit and baiting too close to their blind, discovered that among the embarrassed group were Arthur H. Brice, chairman of the state's Department of Tidewater Fisheries and the Board of Natural Resources, and Amos Creighton, Brice's No. 1 assistant.

The Parting Guests. In Wichita, Kans., after being robbed by two bandits of \$1,500, and forced to carry a stolen bag of groceries to their car, Grocer Dale Steen was forced at gunpoint to borrow a customer's car, push the getaway car a quarter of a mile to get it started.

Samaritan. In Montgomery, Ala., when he saw a cop writing a ticket for a motorist who had run through a red light, Pedestrian Fred Pickett put up an argument, got the motorist off, got himself fined \$5 for interfering with an officer.

On Location. In London, the research center of the British gold, silver and jewelry industry announced that henceforth engagement rings will be sold on major cruise liners to take advantage of shipboard romances that frequently cool off on shore.

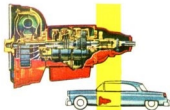
Sentimental Journey. In Lewiston, Me., Engineer Frank E. Hollis, 75, retiring after 58 years of railroading with only one accident, set out on his final run to Rumford, collided with a car in Lewiston's outskirts, another at Dixfield, pulled into the Rumford terminal four hours late.



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